

Collier's



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VOL XXXVII NO 19

AUGUST 4 1906

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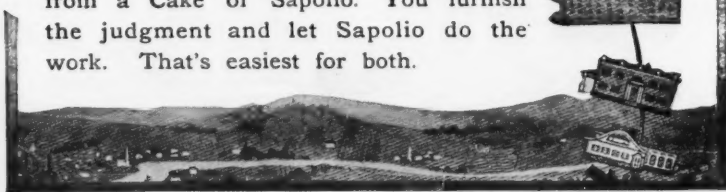
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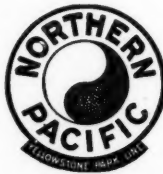
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This song collection should be in every home. Many of the old-fashioned songs are included, with enough of the modern ones to give a pleasing variety. Good Songs create Good Cheer. A few of the Songs included in the book of 162 songs are as follows:

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We are the exclusive publishers of this book of 162 songs and in order to further introduce our publications into new homes we will send THE HEARTHSTONE all the rest of this year, 1906, for only 15 cents together with a copy of the Song Book as described. THE HEARTHSTONE is a Bright, Clean, Wholesome and thoroughly readable publication for the Home and Family. There is never a dull or useless line ever printed in THE HEARTHSTONE and there is no other publication like it. You will surely be pleased with it. Only Fifteen Cents pay for the subscription to THE HEARTHSTONE and the 162 Songs and your money back if you're not perfectly satisfied. Send postage stamps or silver. Address your letter

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Volume XXXVII Number 19 10 Cents per Copy \$5.20 per Year

NEW YORK SATURDAY AUGUST 4 1906

Cover Design	Drawn by F. X. LEYENDECKER	Page
Portrait of a Lady	Painted by CHARLES DANA GIBSON	5
Editorials		6-7
New York Seen from a Balloon	Photographs	8
What the World is Doing	Illustrated with Photographs	9
A Sky-View of New York's Skyscrapers	JAMES H. HARE	12-13
The Great American Fraud	SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS	14
Quacks and Quackery—II. The Miracle-Workers	Illustrated with Photographs	
Stanford White	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS	17
My Mike and Joe Crane. Story.	RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD	18
The Power Wagon	JAMES E. HOMANS	21
IV.—Electric and Gasoline Wagons.	Illustrated with Photographs	

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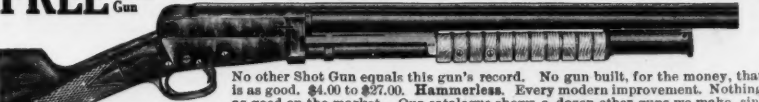
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\$300,000,000 a Year Spent by Americans For Cigars

Every smoker every time he smokes invests an installment on this immense total amount.

Is this \$300,000,000 spent with the proper degree of care for the value received?

The "chance-may-offer"—"hope-I'm-lucky" manner of buying cigars has in the past been due to the absence of any reliable standard of cigar values. Until recently all but the highest priced cigars had always been sold without any definite assurance as to their quality or value and in nearly every case the responsibility of the retail dealer for the cigars he sold has been very undependable.

The smoker of medium priced cigars has been at the mercy of thousands of brand names, plenty of them merely stock labels that left room for plain robbery. Cigars worth \$10 to \$15 a 1000 have sold for 5c each—generally to the manufacturer's profit. The dealer has been deceived fully as much as the public.

Five years ago the dealer could offer the public no definite, reliable assurance of the quality of the cigars he sold—and the smokers of medium priced cigars could not prevent these impositions.

Today conditions are changed. In the past few years cigar quality has been immeasurably improved—and the new standard of quality—*real, tangible* cigar value—is distinguished by a simple mark—the "▲" (Triangle A) mark of merit.

The American Cigar Company follows a certain well-defined policy to support a certain well-defined theory. That theory is that the surest foundation for a permanent business success is square-dealing with both the trade and the public.

This policy has been consistently and conscientiously followed as a fundamental principle and every effort made toward improving cigar quality and lowering cigar cost to the public.



Insures
Honest

How You Can Get Honest Value For Every Cent You Spend

The American Cigar Company claims your patronage entirely on the merit that is in the cigars which it manufactures. It offers *better* cigar values than are obtained from any other manufacturer on the Continent.

The American Cigar Company produces a great many classes of cigars, of characteristics varied to suit every whim and variety of public taste. No one brand will suit all smokers, nor is any one man sure to be suited with any one brand for any considerable time.

What you want is a guarantee that covers a lot of brands, of different characteristics, so that you may make a selection in the comfortable assurance that whatever cigar suits your taste it will be the best value your money can buy and always uniform in quality as long as you smoke it.

So the American Cigar Company has established a distinctive mark of merit—a reliable standard of cigar qualities—this "▲" (Triangle A) mark of merit. Fundamentally this merit mark stands for honest cigar value in whatever cigar you buy, wherever you buy it.

Cigar Values The object of the American Cigar Company is to make good cigars and keep them good. We expect the public to buy Triangle A brands for one reason only—and that is because they represent the best values and the best quality in the stores.

Among the brands distinguished by the "▲" (Triangle A) guarantee of honest cigar values are the following:

The New Cremo (Victorias), Anna Held, George W. Childs (Cabinets), Buck, Spanafloa, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola. The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club. The Unico, Benefactor, Captain Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock, Orlando. Also the Palma De Cuba and Isle of Pines.

Smoke any one in critical comparison with the best cigar you know at the same price and prove to your own satisfaction that the "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark does really mean better cigars for you if you look for it every time you buy.

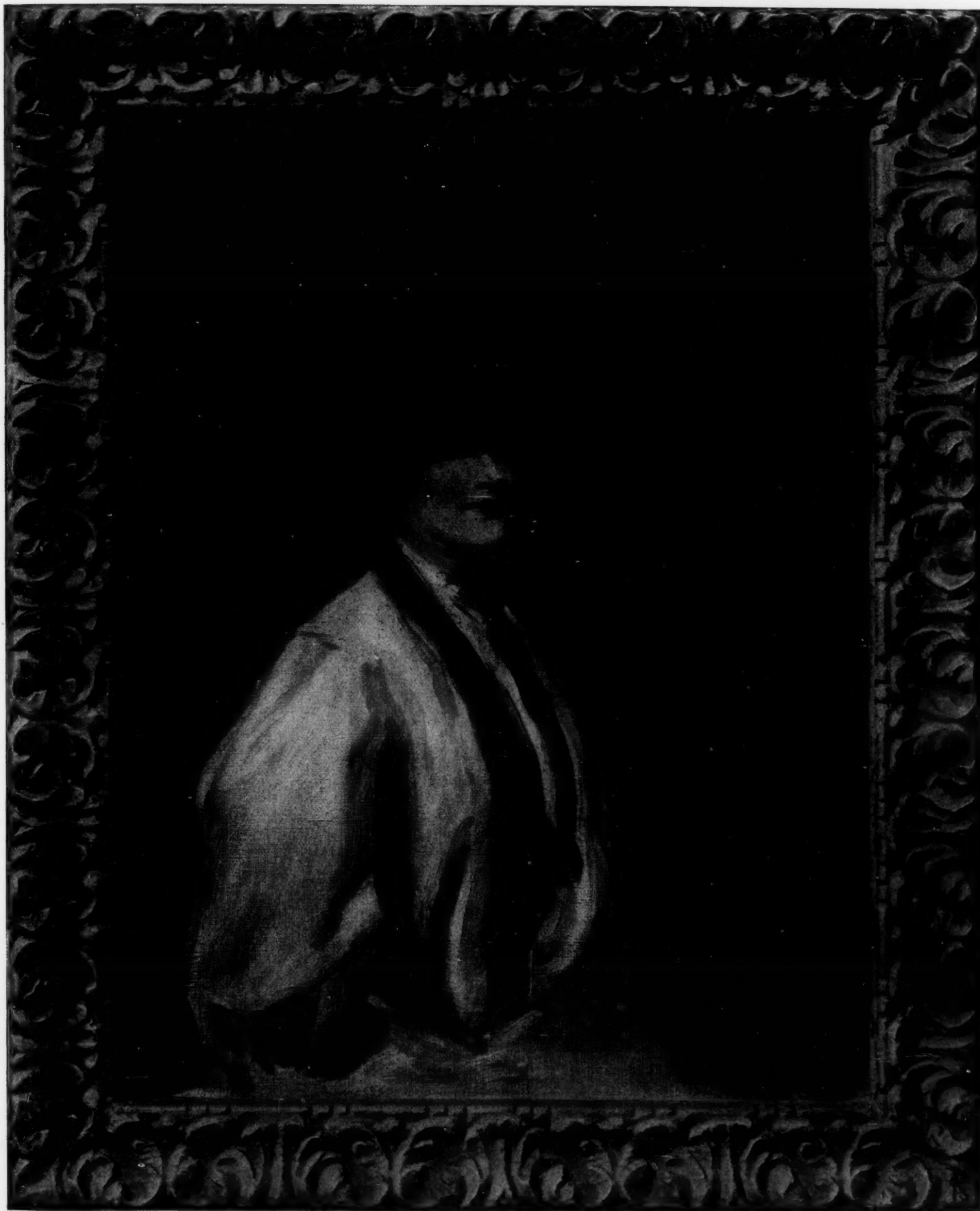
AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY

Scene in an American Cigar Co. Stemmary



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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PORTRAIT OF A LADY

PAINTED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Thomas Holme Branch.



EVERY VOTER SHOULD KNOW the record of his Senators and Congressman on the most significant measures of each session. Of a legislator's moral texture the most unmixed test was probably the Pure Food bill. A handful of men could be found who would vote against it on doctrines of State sovereignty, but in almost every case a vote in the negative was cast for a specific money interest against the people's health. A vote against the bill to save Niagara might spring from utter callousness to beauty, but was far more likely to exhibit the persuasive power of gold. A few men were doubtless found in the affirmative on the mileage grab because they believed they were underpaid and could rightly seize every obtainable perquisite, but the moral delicacy of such a soul seems insufficient to designate him as one of the people's ideal legislators, and the short of it is that his desire for money was his controlling impulse. In the great fight on the railway bill a number of men of fearlessness and ideals voted in the negative, as did other men in whom only the railroad interests spoke. As some of the most strengthening amendments were introduced by Senators with railroad affiliations, this bill showed that popular opinion may terrorize even a member of the Senate. Any voter of average comprehension, by studying the record on these four bills, should be able to form an estimate of his representatives at Washington. Unhappily the Philippine Tariff bill never reached a vote. Those who strangled it in committee should at the first opportunity be sent to private life.

WATCH THE RECORD

IF THE PRESIDENT WISHES after 1908 to be Senator from New York, it is hardly conceivable that his ambition should be thwarted. A man who as Chief Executive has acquitted himself so formidably and well, and sustained such measureless popularity, could hardly be turned aside by the bosses or the Legislature of a single State. Although Mr. ROOSEVELT's feelings are hostile to this paper, our own are very appreciative of him. His record in office has been one of brilliant and valuable success. The best measures which have passed have received their momentum largely from his energy. Some of the most needed measures which have failed have been supported enthusiastically by him. When his presidential activities are at least temporarily ended in 1908, it would be a stroke of fortune for the country to have so able, experienced, and representative a citizen stand in the Senate for that State whose greatness to-day is represented by CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW and THOMAS COLLIER PLATT.

SENATOR AFTER PRESIDENT

FOR AN INSURANCE COMPANY which is solvent to refuse arbitrarily to pay more than seventy-five cents on the dollar of the amount which is justly due to the owners of burned property in San Francisco, is wholly contemptible from an ethical point of view, and so criminally wrong from a legal standpoint that one can not conceive the courts will, in the long run, permit it. Nevertheless, there are two sides to the insurance situation in San Francisco; and in the journalistic lynching which is being visited indiscriminately upon the fire insurance companies doing business in that city, there is much danger of individual injustice. San Francisco has suffered a great calamity, and quite naturally wishes to lift the burden of that calamity from its own shoulders and place it on the insurance companies. This is quite proper, for it is the business of insurance companies to shoulder calamities. But it should be borne in mind that during the last six months the fire losses in the United States and Canada have been \$367,000,000 as compared with only \$93,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1905. The Policy-Holders' Protective League will act as a body in dealing with the insurance companies, and will have the double usefulness of protecting the small policy-holder from being bulldozed into accepting less than is his right, and at the same time exercising in a large way that patience and forbearance which the situation demands and which is absolutely necessary to save some companies from being plunged into bankruptcy with results disastrous alike to the companies and to San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO INSURANCE

A MAN OF LEADING among the magazine writers expressed the other day a gloomy conviction that, as combinations were made every year in new businesses, combined capital would one

day be able to ruin any periodical which spoke without fear, and honest critics would then have no forum but the platform and the pamphlet. He had been looking over the comments in the newspapers through the country about the changes on "McClure's Magazine," and found them nearly all eagerly assailing the writers who had left. A Chicago politician and journalist, who was in New York just before this secession, heard about it and was told of the real reasons. "They do not matter," he said. "The papers will attribute it to the 'muck-rake.'" And they did. The President in his muck-rake speech again showed his brilliant instinct for the psychological instant. What reaction there is in the people against the literature of reform is due, we believe, much less to the power of money concentrated on the newspapers, although that must be estimated also, than to certain exaggerations in the press itself and to the love of variety which characterizes our public. It won't eat the same dish each day. But, while indulging its moods and even responding to the strong and clever forces that are brought to bear upon it, it has been taught much that can not be untaught, and it will demand of those who enjoy its privileges more than it ever has before. Attempts to impede this rising standard will, we believe, ultimately prove boomerangs to those who make the effort.

BOOMERANGS

THE SOCIALISTS IN CONVENTION in Idaho passed a resolution declaring their belief in the innocence of MOYER, HAYWOOD, and PETTIBONE, charged with the murder of former Governor STEUNENBERG. As they don't know whether these men are innocent or not, and only know that they are Socialists, they would do better to wish for a fair trial and not turn what ought to be a simple matter of evidence into a party issue. JOHN M. MARTIN, nominating HAYWOOD for Governor of Colorado, is reported to have concluded his address with the following gentle observation: "And if they refuse to release him we may feel impelled to march to Idaho and to take our chief executive by force, if necessary, out of the teeth of the dogs of capital and carry him in triumph to our Statehouse." In a country like ours such words are as silly as they are disgusting. A few weeks ago many members of the House-smiths' and Bridgemen's Structural Ironworkers Union, formerly conducted by Mr. SAM PARKS, entertained themselves by committing murder in one of the most public portions of New York. Presumably several men who actually did the killing will pay the penalty. As by the law of New York no one can be convicted on the unsupported testimony of any number of accomplices, there will probably be no effort to go beyond these men. Nothing would do more for the cause of labor in the eyes of impartial citizens than the expulsion from the Federation of a union whose record is so black.

VIOLENCE AND JUSTICE

EFFORTS FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP are a logical step in Mr. HEARST's struggle for every kind of power. That he should wish to get hold of any high office within his grasp is natural, but that an intelligent people should select him as head of a State is not so easy to conceive. Of all men now in the public eye none could be found more essentially the demagogue.

"On the summit see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them."

He tried for the Presidency, then the Mayoralty, and now the Governorship, and his political ambitions have made his journalism even worse than it would be made by his mere desire for the noisiest newspaper reverberation. It has made it worse, because it has introduced personal wire-pulling as a motive into all his judgments of public men. He will praise ODELL if he sees the probability of an alliance. He will attack GROUT or not according to the kaleidoscope of politics. His treatment of Tammany leaders will be determined by their views of some candidacy of his. He will attack independent nominees for judgeships because he has reasons for wishing nominations made by his organization. His boot-licking of every labor union, under every circumstance, is less for journalistic gain than for strengthening his political position. For office he has no single qualification, unless it be the leadership in reckless, scandalous, and mendacious publication.

AMBITIONS OF HEARST



THE EDISON COMPANY reduced the price of electricity in Boston, July 1, from 18.2 cents to 15 cents per kilowatt-hour, a maximum reduction of 17.5 per cent, the reduction affecting about fourteen thousand customers in Boston and its vicinity. The Boston Consolidated Gas Company on the same date, acting on the sliding scale introduced through the energy and intelligence of the Public Franchise League in its three years' fight, reduced the price to 85 cents, a drop of 15 per cent, and a direct saving to the public for the coming year of \$562,500.

BOSTON IN
FARNEST

The gas company, under its present exceptionally liberal-minded management, accepts enthusiastically the sliding scale and speaks of itself as in partnership with the public, by which the gain of either, under the new law, means the gain of each. Unusual, indeed, is it for a corporation to state in an advertisement that the "immediate effect" of a drastic law made for its regulation "is another reduction in the price of gas." Other towns and other public-service corporations may well take notice, for both may learn much from the Boston gas settlement about the right spirit in which to work out some of our widespread difficulties, without rancor, sound, and fury.

IMPROVEMENT FROM WITHIN is always more encouraging than enforced reform. A few patent medicines are pointing out, by example, the fact that there is a legitimate method of carrying on a legitimate business in their field. Syrup of Figs, one of the many laxatives on the market, brings this to mind in a request that we set them right before the public, on the ground that they are doing business in a strictly fair and honorable way, and do not merit our former criticism, that they pretend to manufacture a fig syrup, whereas their article is in reality a preparation of senna. They also call our attention to the fact that before our criticism appeared they had begun to give up the old style of exploitation, and that their advertisements now plainly state the truth, that the fig ingredient is not the laxative agent, but merely a flavoring. With the merits of

HOPEFUL
SIGNS

Syrup of Figs we have no concern. For aught we know its medicinal properties may be no better or no worse than or no different from those of Cascarets, Carter's Pills, or any one of a hundred of this class. But a consideration of its recent advertising methods seems to place it on a different standard from the other widely exploited laxatives. It does not claim to cure any disease or ailment. It does not seek, so far as we have examined its advertisements, to lure the public to a steady and debilitating habit. We are unshaken in our belief that its former advertising was deceptive; that the trade name, Syrup of Figs, unqualified by any explanation, is calculated to fool the public. Therefore, this is not in any sense a retraction, a recantation, or an apology. It is simply recognition, by a specific instance, of a reform which, we hope, fully believe, is slowly spreading among such proprietaries as have in themselves, when honestly advertised, a legitimate value and use for the public.

SHARKS FOLLOW in the wake of every righteous public sentiment. From Syracuse comes one, NEAL, who sees a chance for himself in the popular revolt against fraudulent patent medicines. "The American people have gone pill-crazy," he cries in his circular, and then splurges forth in flamboyant advertisements: "I Stop Pain in Two Minutes," claiming to cure dyspepsia and stomach ulcers, drive away insomnia, melancholy, and nervousness, and relieve cancer and consumption. By what agency are these wonders wrought? Magic? Medicine? Not at all. A biscuit. NEAL's own invention. "I'm a chemist and a

NEAL

scientist, an author and an ex-college professor; I have studied medicine and am supposed to know a thing or two," he modestly announces. Inquiry as to what he is author of, whereon rest his claims to the titles of chemist and scientist, what college curriculum profited by his pedagogic wisdom, and by virtue of what diploma he is "supposed to know a thing or two" about medicine, elicits a dignified reply to the effect that he never answers ungentlemanly letters. The rebuke is somewhat tempered by the enclosure of his publication, "The Strenuous Life," which informs us that the Neal biscuit is a combination of fruits and vegetables "condensed and compressed under seven thousand pounds pressure"; also

that it "stops the sharp pangs of indigestion in two minutes by the watch." "Eat Neal's Biscuit," so runs the exhortation, "then eat when you please, what you please, and as much as you please." This is what we've been looking for. Mince pie at midnight loses its terrors. The baby need no longer be withheld from the appetizing pin, nor the hen hesitate to engage the resentful wasp. Neal's biscuit makes it all right. Now will some one kindly form a committee to put the matter to final proof, thus: Let NEAL eat his biscuit, then follow it up with a can of embalmed beef, a cold Welsh rarebit, a bottle of Peruna, two pounds of brass-headed tacks, and a large box of sulphur matches. We're sure the results would prove interesting, and we hope they'd prove valuable.

FREE ADVICE to young artists is the purpose of this paragraph. No sooner does some illustrator make a success than hundreds of imitative minds imagine the road to success is in following slavishly his style. Some, to be sure, do manage to discover a salary by this path, as witness the peculiarly simian mimicry of GIBSON by R. M. CROSBY, and several others, slightly less servile in degree; but, apart from any question of whether success at such a price is worth the having, the monkey method succeeds but seldom even in the money sense. In every case where an illustrator has gained honor, and in most cases where he is paid good prices for his work, he has struck out sincerely something from within himself. Any competent editor, when a note of true personality meets his eye, feels the keenest pleasure which his occupation gives, and nothing strikes him with a duller thud than the barren spirit that seeks in imitation a worthless gain.

TALK ABOUT FASHIONS in these pages is indulged in sparsely and with much timorous fear of ridicule, but some aspects of attire interest us so violently as to dissipate the better part of valor and lead us in where angels fear to tread. The princess gown, then, we boldly state, being now in vogue, has brought in its wake a new form of corset, rampant abroad, and threatening these shores for the autumn trade. Waists this year are small and round, and the effort thus to cut them and keep the princess style has summoned into existence a whalebone garment reaching from the shoulders to below the knees. This "petticoat corset," as it is called, and its threatened epidemic on this side, may revive the never-ceasing and always-failing battle against the cage of steel and bone. Abandoned for a short time early in the nineteenth century, it has otherwise held its own against every onslaught of medicine and art. Possibly it is direct in consequence from the fatal apple and will last until Arcadia is again on earth.

CORSETS
RESURGENT

A SERIOUS ATTACK upon our praise of croquet and its revival comes from the town of Akron, in Ohio. Two gross defects, concludes the critic, mar the game. "In my long and varied experience," says he, "I have found no game equal to croquet in breeding petty animosity, and even hatred. One opponent is privileged to interfere with the well-laid plans of another, when simple courtesy would allow the ball to lie in its favorable position. Then there are no settled rules, and therefore much unnecessary hard feeling. In pushing this game to the front, therefore, you have assumed a tremendous responsibility, and to my mind the only way is for you to promulgate an authoritative and elaborate set of rules, and preach whatever joy may exist in the theory of retaliation." The responsibility, were it needed, would be jauntily assumed, but the rules have in recent years become more distinctly established, and tournaments are not only frequent occurrences in Great Britain, but draw large crowds. As to the other point, the person whose moral balance is permanently and hopelessly upset by croquet would be unlikely to become under any circumstances much of a shining beacon for the population. In the young this game starts the temper, but, on the whole, like life itself, exercises the character without overstraining it, and "this world is a place not of rest but of discipline." DISRAELI said of WELLINGTON that it was his sublime self-control alone that regulated his lofty fate. WELLINGTON received his discipline amid the roar and smoke of war, but may not others become WELLINGTONS by the assiduous cultivation of croquet?

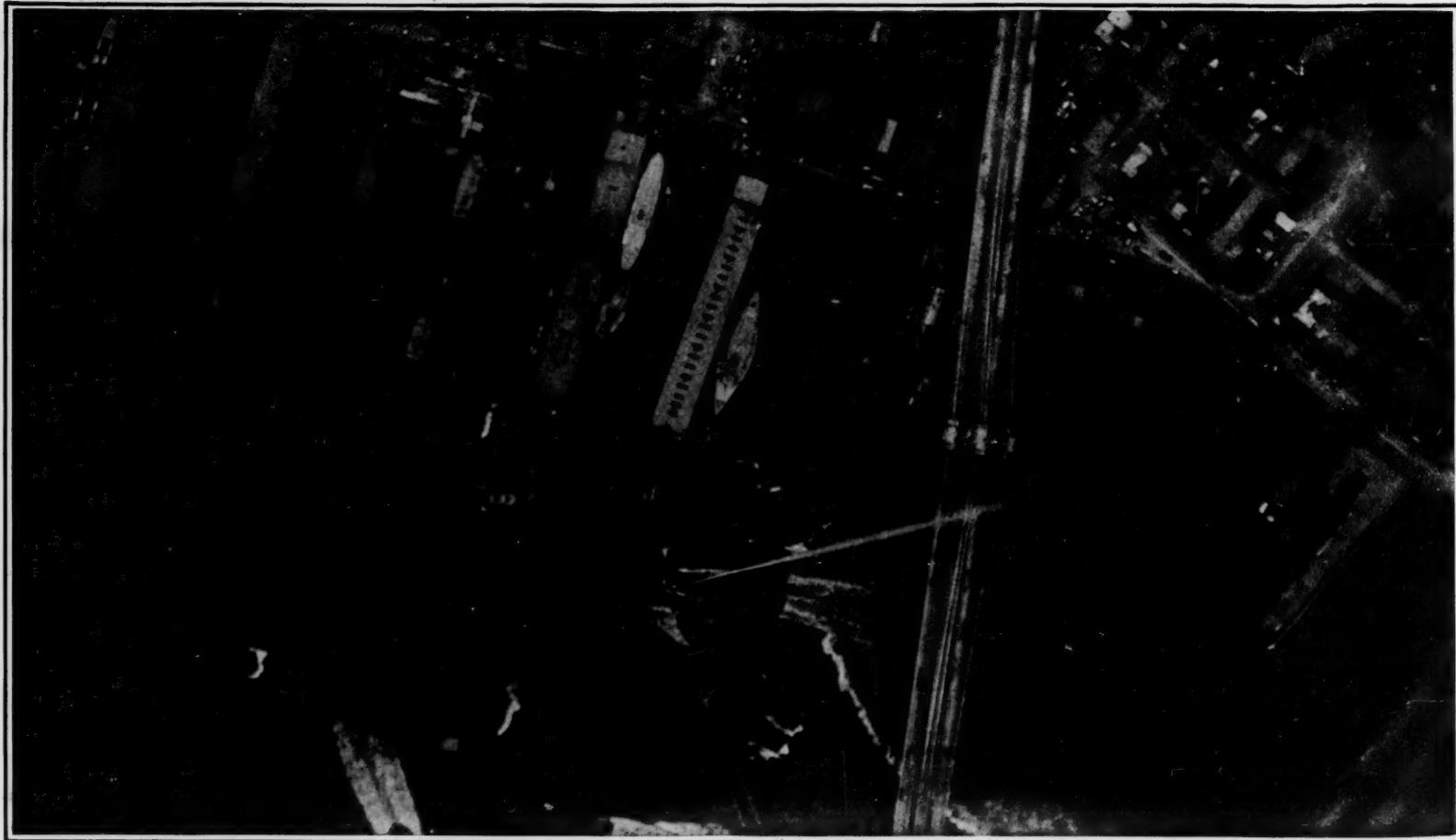
CROQUET
ASSAILED

NEW YORK SEEN FROM A BALLOON

Photographs by James H. Hare. Copyright 1906 by P. F. Collier & Son. See pages 12 and 13

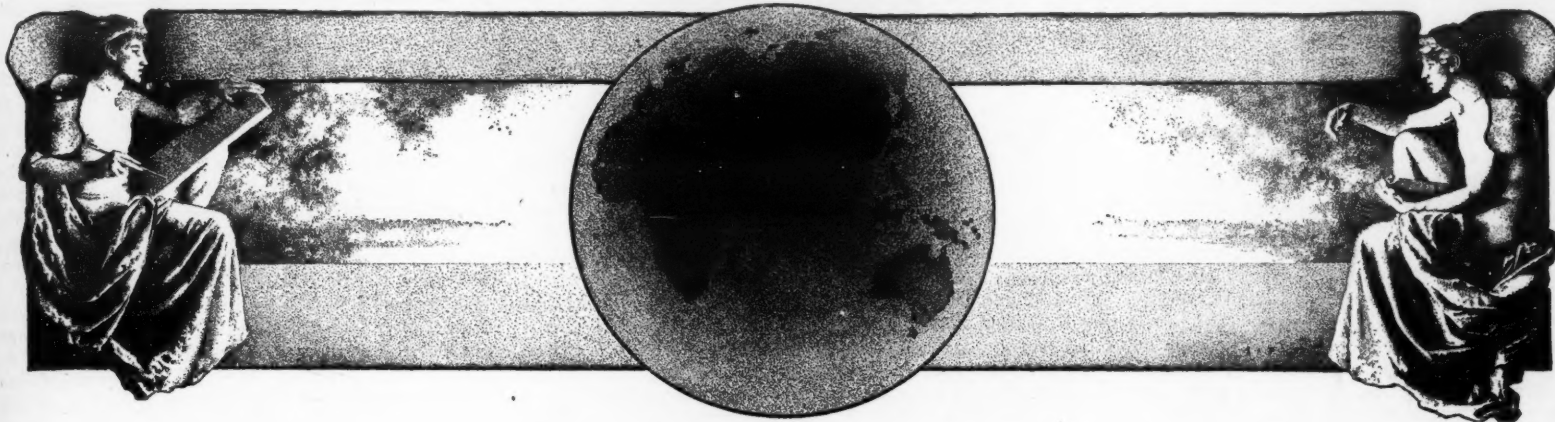


The lower end of Manhattan Island photographed from a height of about 800 feet. Battery Park with the elevated railroad winding through it occupies most of the left lower portion of the picture; the small park slightly above it is Bowling Green with the new Custom House facing it. The little dark spot to the right is Corlears Hook Park. The blurs around the corners of the pictures are due to the action of the salt water when the plates fell into Long Island Sound



Directly above the Brooklyn Bridge. To the right of the pier are the Roosevelt Street Ferry slips; to the left, the first long wharf is that of the New Haven boats, with the "C. H. Northam" lying alongside; the dark rectangle farther on is Fulton Market, and beyond this are the Fulton Ferry slips. The comet-like streak across the right half of the plate was caused by a dangling rope. This picture was taken at an altitude of about 1000 feet

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

AFTER approving one bill, appropriating \$7,500,000 for famine relief, the Czar dissolved the Russian Duma on the night of July 21. This poured oil on a revolutionary movement already blazing into civil war. ¶The Mutual Life's management has attempted to raid the policy-holders' committee by nominating some of its members for trustees without their consent. ¶President Roosevelt has resolved to enforce the requirements of the eight-hour law upon Government contractors. ¶Secretary Taft has apportioned the supply of Niagara water for power purposes under the recent act of Congress. ¶The general Congress of Socialist Interparliamentary Committees opened at London, July 17, with J. Keir Hardie, M. P., as president. ¶The sarcophagus of Charlemagne at Aachen, first opened in the year 1000 by the Emperor Otto III, was opened again on July 17 in the presence of Emperor William, and the relics contained in it, including robes of the tenth and twelfth centuries, were found in good condition. ¶King Edward has declined the invitation of the Canadian Parliament to visit the Dominion, on the ground that acceptance would make

it necessary to accept similar invitations from other parts of the empire, and that his responsibilities would prevent his absence from Great Britain for any length of time. ¶The cruiser "Charleston," with Secretary Root's party on board, arrived at Para, Brazil, July 17. ¶The Wellman Arctic expedition reached its base on Dane's Island, Spitzbergen, the ill-fated Andree's starting point, on July 9. ¶Lady Curzon, wife of the former Viceroy of India, died in London on the 18th. ¶Germany has adopted new inspection rules which are expected practically to bar imports of American meat. ¶The campaign against deer ice in the United States has become almost a national uprising. ¶It has been decided by the Attorney-General that the capital of Alaska has been moved from Sitka to Juneau owing to the action of the Governor in establishing himself at the latter place. ¶Major Dreyfus and Brigadier-General Picquart have been welcomed by officers of the French army on their return to service. ¶The warring Central American republics signed a treaty of peace at sea, July 20. ¶The first Panama Canal loan was floated July 20

THE COLLAPSING CZARDOM

THE Russian revolution, which in the opinion of M. Leroy-Beaulieu may drag on in varying phases for ten or twenty years, has been making rapid progress of late toward general social and political disintegration. The age-long apathy of the peasants has been broken up, and a wild unrest is spreading throughout the empire. In Southern Russia a rising began in the middle of July which soon spread over the entire province of Voronezh and carried destruction into other provinces. Bands of peasants marched about the country, systematically burning one estate after another, their numbers swelling at every step. Attempts to suppress the rising by military force failed. Half a dozen provinces were soon in a state of partial or total anarchy, and the landlords abandoned their homes and fled to the cities. In Poland the Government liquor shops were regularly plundered.

Prince Orloff's vast estate at Padi was ravaged, but the Prince's men succeeded in driving the horses of the famous Orloff stud to the steppe. At Tula the workmen in the Government cartridge factory joined the armed peasants and the factory was closed. The climax was reached at Syzran, in the province of Samara, where the whole town of thirty-five thousand people was set on fire and the surviving inhabitants fled to fields and neighboring cities. The Government put a number of military trains with steel blinds in service on the Southern Railroad, in anticipation of a strike of railroad employees.

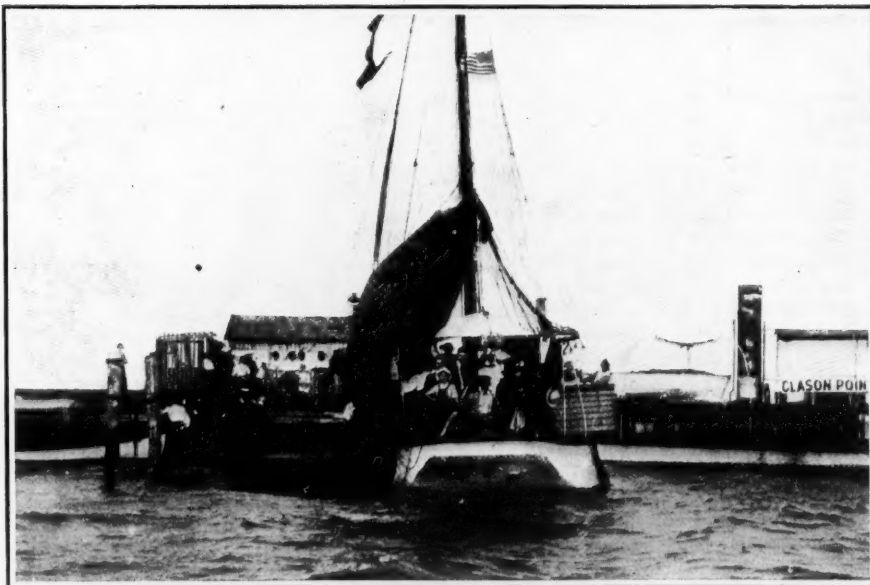
While the bonds of society were thus dissolving in the country, the duel between the Government and the Duma continued at the capital. There seemed a fair prospect for a time that a compromise might be

reached by the selection of a ministry from among the moderate members of Parliament, but the reactionaries again got control of the shuffling Czar, and he determined to yield nothing except under compulsion. An ominous symptom of the decay of imperial power was the drift of the Upper House, or Council of the Empire, into accord with the Lower. The Council of the Empire had been remodeled for the express purpose of thwarting the Duma. Half its members were appointed directly by the Crown; the other half were elected by various corporations, including the Synod of the Orthodox Church, the organized nobility, the commercial exchanges, the Academy of Sciences, and the Universities. Such a body, it was thought, would be a very citadel of conservatism, and to make it most

effective as a bulwark of the imperial authority, it was vested with equal legislative powers with the Duma and an absolute veto on all the acts of the Lower House. Yet the spirit of progress penetrated even the Council, and it showed more and more a disposition to follow the Duma's lead.

A proposed address appealing from the Government to the people was softened by the cautious Parliamentary majority into one begging the people to have patience. But even this mild action was sufficient excuse for the reactionaries who had been wanting nothing but a pretext to destroy Russia's budding sprouts of constitutional government. On the night of July 21 the Czar issued a proclamation dissolving the Duma, expressing his "cruel disappointment" that its members had failed to meet his

hopes of "productive legislation" but instead had "strayed into a field beyond their competence," promised to summon a new Parliament on March 5, 1907, and encouraged the peasants with hopes of new allotments of land. Preparations for this stroke had been made by pouring sixty thousand troops into St. Petersburg, which was practically placed under martial law, but about half the members of the Duma met at once at Viborg in defiance of the Czar's orders and issued an address protesting against the illegal dissolution of Parliament and calling upon the people to refuse to pay taxes, to recruit the army, or to recognize the issue of a Government loan. Even without the armed revolution which it foreshadowed, this was a deadly blow at the Government, striking it in its weakest point—its credit. This makes it practically impossible for the Czar to raise a dollar in the foreign markets by any new issue of promises to pay.



THE END OF AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE IN THE AIR

The balloon from which the photographs in this number of Collier's were taken after its collision with the sloop "Adeline"

CANNERS SCORE ONE

AFTER enjoying all the satisfaction to be gained from the contemplation of American depravity in the meat business, it has occurred to some of the English authorities to find out for themselves just how bad things are. They have analyzed samples of canned goods, both colonial and foreign, and find the results surprising. Of course, the analyses do not show just the amount of soap used by the packing-house employees in Chicago, but as far as dirt in large visible chunks is concerned the investigators report that it is not in evidence. Of fourteen samples of American canned goods bought in the poorest parts of Wandsworth the contents of every can were sound, "and in no case were preservatives or other coloring matter detected." Similar results were obtained in other poor quarters of London. The few cases in which preservatives were found were about equally divided between colonial and American goods. Where the quality of the meat was not what it should be, the fault, as a rule, was found to be with the English retailers in keeping their stock on their shelves too long. This, by the way, would have been an interesting piece of evidence to bring up in Congress when the packers were successfully opposing the requirement of dating their cans on the ground that canned meat ten years old was just as good as on the day it was put up. On July 19 some London contractors for supplies for the British army who prepared their own canned meat and chicken were fined for preserving their goods with boracic acid.

While the American packers have been enjoying a bit of London balm abroad, they have had some additional comfort at home. The members of the Executive Committee of the National Wholesale Grocers' Association of the United States, in session at Chicago, announced, on July 19, that they had always found the packing-house products they handled to be clean, wholesome, and up to standard grade, many of them adding that they had never had any complaints from their customers with regard to such goods. And Secretary Wilson says the plants have been growing better every day.

THE ICE WAR

THERE have been all kinds of revolutions in Europe, but it is hard to imagine a European people rising in its might to keep down the price of ice. That shows how different Americans are in some respects from foreigners. It has been doubted whether the people of the United States still retained the capacity for moral indignation, but this apparently chilling subject has developed a degree of moral heat hardly to be matched by anything but a religious revival.

The trouble started when it was shown in Toledo that icemen could be sent to jail. That plan spread at once to a dozen other communities. Thirteen ice trust conspirators were indicted in Philadelphia. Indictments were found against the officers of the companies supplying Washington. Prosecutions were begun at Indianapolis and Schenectady. The State of Arkansas brought suits by its Attorney-General. The Board of Aldermen of New York City urged District-Attorney Jerome to take similar action there. In Boston the energetic District-Attorney Moran has begun to probe

the charge that the ice dealers there are in an illegal combination to raise the price. In Providence, where the rates have been doubled, the Board of Trade and the State Commissioner of Industrial Statistics have begun an investigation. In St. Louis the Circuit Attorney has filed suits against two combining ice companies for \$142,800 penalties and the forfeiture of their charters.

But while all this gives the public a spiritual satisfaction that compensates to some extent for material discomfort, it does not as a rule directly reduce the price of ice. It did have that effect, indeed, at Toledo, but at Schenectady the results were just the opposite. There the dealers threatened to deprive the people of ice altogether unless the prosecutions were dropped. Hence a new and more direct plan of dealing with the situation has leaped into popularity. In a number of towns plans have been launched for procuring supplies of ice independently of the dealers. At Mount Vernon, New York, the Mayor has organized a co-operative company, and let a contract for a plant which is to furnish artificial ice to the stockholders at cost. At Yonkers the Mayor has arranged to have natural ice cut next winter from a large reservoir of spring water owned by the city. That will not help this summer's pinch, but it will give the



A CRITICAL MOMENT IN THE BRITISH NAVAL MANEUVERS

Battleships fighting off an attack of a flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers

citizens the pleasures of hope. At Paterson the Mayor and the butchers have joined in obtaining ice from independent sources at a distance. At Detroit the Mayor has planned a municipal ice supply, to be kept up by using the Park Commissioners' men, who usually have little to do in the winter, in cutting and storing ice when the next freeze comes.

The icemen protest that they are making no profit even at present prices. They say that last winter was so abnormally warm that there is an actual ice famine, and that consumers may think themselves lucky if they are not paying a dollar a hundred, before the end of August. *Per contra*, figures are produced to show that artificial ice can be made in small quantities and sold at a profit at less than twenty cents a hundred. One of the chief grievances of the consumers has been that the nominal price, exorbitant as that is, does not represent the real payments, but that the iceman rakes off another profit by short weights. This is indignantly denied by the officials of the American Ice Company, who say that they would willingly prosecute any driver caught cheating in that way. The force of this denial was a little impaired when the Weights and Measures inspectors in New York seized seventy-eight short-weight scales from ice wagons, some belonging to independent dealers and some to the trust. The deficiencies in these scales ranged as high as from twenty to forty pounds in the hundred. But a housewife needs no inspector to tell her she is getting short weight when her ice box, which formerly would just comfortably hold a fifty-pound lump, now holds the lump with room for a couple of bottles of milk at each end and a roast on top.

MORE LAW REVIVAL

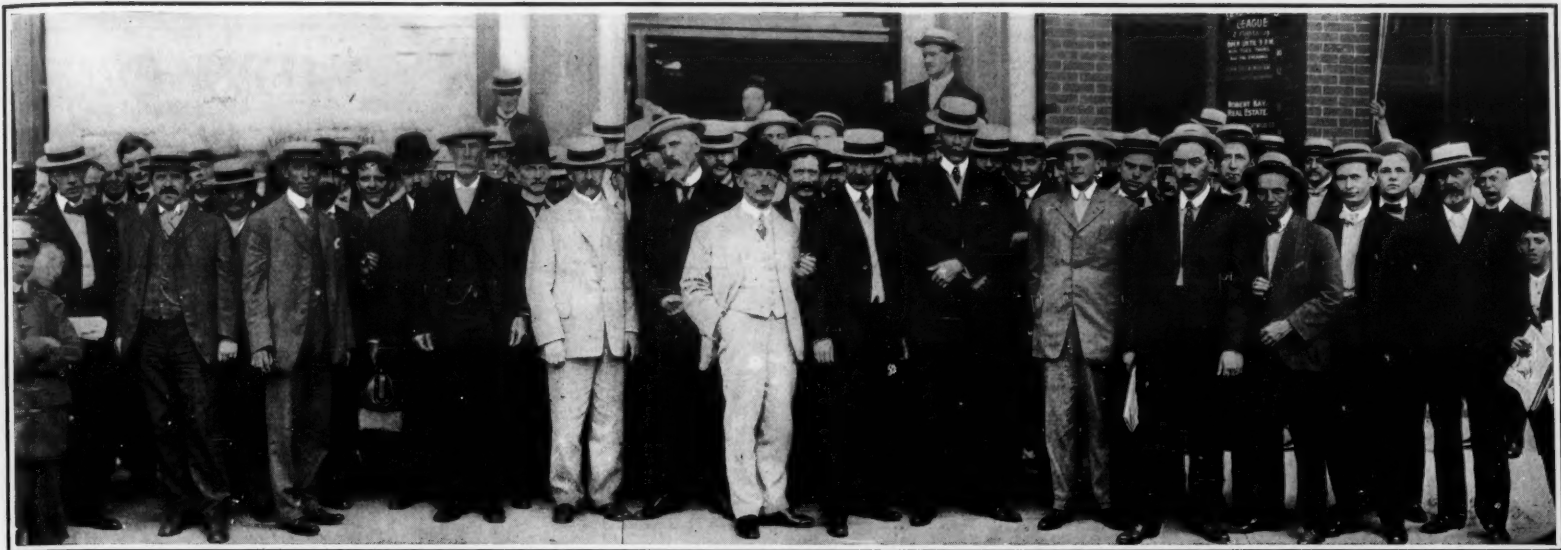
ORGANIZED labor has won a notable victory in securing from the Administration an order requiring the strict enforcement of the Eight Hour law. Although this law was passed in 1902, the contractors for Government work have paid little attention to it. They have habitually worked their men ten or twelve hours a day, and, as they allege, have made their bids on that basis, so that if the law is enforced Congress will have to raise its appropriations twenty or twenty-five per cent. The boasted cheapness of private construction in the case of the battleship *Louisiana* as compared with the cost of building the *Connecticut* in a navy yard was due to the fact that the *Louisiana* was built on a ten-hour basis. Thousands of men throughout the country are now working on Government contracts for longer hours than the law allows.

Under the law eight hours constitute a day's work for all laborers and mechanics employed by the United States, or by contractors on public works, and it is forbidden to require more in any one calendar day except in cases of "extraordinary emergency." Apparently all the operations of the Government contractors have been cases of extraordinary emergency, although the fact has not been evident in the time it has taken to carry out the contracts. The labor unions have protested against the habitual violation of this law, and the President directed Labor Commissioner Neill to investigate specific cases which they cited. His report enabled Secretary Taft to recommend an order directing the Secretaries of War, the Navy, and the Treasury to see that the contractors employed by their departments obeyed the law, and to instruct their subordinates to report all violations with a view to prosecution.

Secretaries Taft and Bonaparte immediately issued the required orders, and notified their subordinates that when a contractor on Government work attempted to break the law his employees could secure prompt redress by simply bringing the facts to the attention of the official in charge. The only question now relates to the definition of public works.

TROLLEY BUTCHERY

A GRAVER national scandal than the prevalent carelessness in the matter of financial morals is the American disregard for human life. A typical example of this murderous laxity is afforded by the annual report of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company to the New York State Railroad Commissioners. It appears that one hundred and eleven persons were killed by the cars of that corporation in the year ending June 30, 1906. This is equal to the entire number of deaths from all causes in a town of six thousand people. Instead of expressing horror at this ghastly record of slaughter the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company actually congratulates itself upon the fact that its death roll is no greater. It calls attention proudly to figures which show that this year's homicides are not exceptional, but only its normal record. Last year, for instance, the company killed ninety-six people, or about one to every four million passengers carried. This year it has killed a hundred and eleven, but the number of passengers carried has increased, so that the proportion of



LEADERS OF A POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN A CORPORATION-RIDDEN STATE

Representatives of the Colby movement in New Jersey who met in convention at Newark and formed the "Republican State League for Equal Taxation and Limited Franchises"

killings remains about the same. At that rate every \$200,000 taken in in fares costs a life.

When it is remembered that Brooklyn is only one borough of a single city, and that trolley cars are killing people all over the country, the significance of one hundred and eleven fatalities in one year on the Brooklyn lines becomes apparent. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that a family living on the route of a Brooklyn trolley line has no more security for the lives of its children than it would have had fifty years ago in a frontier cabin among hostile Indians. Yet the American people do nothing to stop a slaughter exceeding all their losses in foreign and Indian wars in the last half century. And trolley butchery is only one item in our bloody account. Our steam railroads are killing ten thousand people a year, most of them unnecessarily; defective buildings murder their hundreds, and from time to time an Iroquois Theatre or *Slocum* disaster forces upon the public mind conditions that pass unnoticed when they do their deadly work at retail instead of at wholesale. When a corporation in a single town can plume itself upon its moderation in killing only a hundred and eleven people in a year, there is likely to be a broad field for reform.

OUR GROWING TRADE

THE fiscal year 1906 has been one of unequalled trade expansion for the United States. The returns show that the imports of merchandise for the twelve months ending with June 30 amounted to \$1,226,615,379 and the exports to \$1,743,763,612. The total volume of trade was \$2,970,378,991, falling short of three billions by less than \$30,000,000. The position of this country as the first exporting nation of the world seems to be thoroughly established. The domestic exports of the United States, amounting to \$1,717,859,395 in 1906, exceed the domestic exports of Great Britain in 1905 by about \$70,000,000. They have increased in the past year by over \$226,000,000. Of course the total foreign commerce of the United States is still far behind that of Great Britain, since the British imports are more than double the American imports.

In the past fiscal year our excess of exports over imports amounted to \$517,148,233—the greatest excess we have had in the past five years. On its face this ought to represent a considerable margin for paying off debts or for making investments abroad. But there are several offsets that make it doubtful whether we really have any substantial balance at all. The expenditures of our tourists abroad, estimated many years ago at \$100,000,000 a year, have now been put as high as \$400,000,000. We pay enormous amounts to foreign ship-owners for freight both ways. Still another invisible but powerful influence is the annoying habit developed by foreign financiers of buying our stocks from us when they are cheap and selling them back to us when they are dear. On the whole even a "favorable balance" of half a billion a year is none too large to take care of our obligations to foreigners.

LINING FOR BATTLE

THE tremendous work of copying the names of 1,800,000 policy-holders in the Mutual and New York Life Insurance Companies was begun by the International Policy-holders' Committee on July 18, the first day on which the lists were opened under the law. The 1,800,000 policies are held by only about 1,200,000 individuals, but to avoid any possibility of missing anybody the committee resolved to stand the expense of copying every name wherever it appeared and sending out literature as if all the names represented different people. Owing to the obstacles put in the way of the work by the managements of the companies it was necessary to employ nearly two hundred copyists.

A singular development occurred when the Mutual's regular ticket was named, at the latest possible date. It was found that four members of the International Policy-holders' Committee had been nominated without their knowledge or consent. Each of the four refused by telegraph to accept the nomination, but nevertheless President Peabody insisted that their names should stay on the ticket, and the State Superintendent of Insurance declared that he had no authority to take them off. Another surprise was afforded by the decision of Mr. H. H. Rogers and Mr. William Rockefeller not to be candidates for reelection as Trustees. Mr. Rogers, who had been said to be the ruler of the company under its present management, sent a letter to President Peabody in which

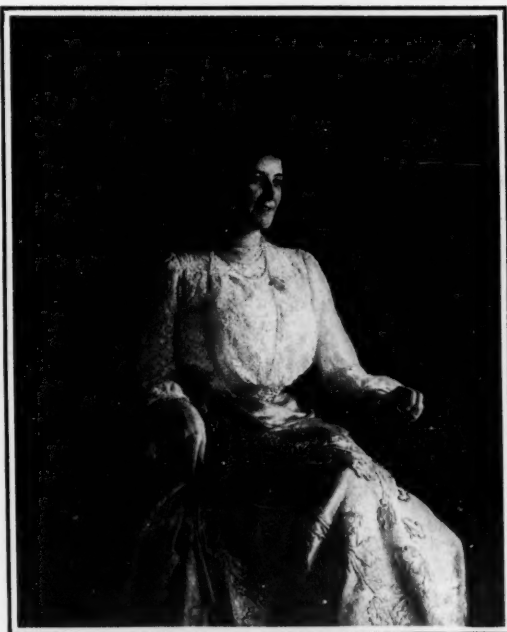
he explained that after twenty-one years' service as a Trustee he thought it time to retire, especially as the prejudice against the Standard Oil Company had caused some embarrassment. He denied emphatically the report that he had caused Mr. Peabody's election to the Presidency, and added:

"If any one imagines that the Standard Oil Company or any of its officers have profited out of any relation to the Mutual Life Insurance Company, he must be strangely ignorant of the facts. Neither Mr. Rockefeller nor myself have been identified with any underwriting scheme, nor have we been engaged in any business affairs with the Mutual Company by which we have been the gainers. On the contrary, we have given business to the Mutual and its allied companies from which they have largely benefited."

The Standard Oil influence which has been supposed to dominate the Mutual is not now visible on the surface of its regular ticket. But of thirty-six candidates nominated for Trustees, twenty-four are now on the Board, of whom fifteen date from the McCurdy epoch. The Mutual Reserve Company has gone even further by renominating practically its entire old Board of Directors, including the three officers who have been indicted for grand larceny and forgery and now await trial.

NO ROYAL VISIT

CANADA'S hope that she would enjoy a visit from King Edward and Queen Alexandra has been disappointed. Earl Grey, the Governor-General, has received a despatch from Lord Elgin conveying the King's thanks for the invitation extended by the Dominion Parliament, but explaining that the incessant current business of the empire imposes a heavy tax on the Sovereign's time and strength, and further that while there are "practically no limits to the distances which must be traveled to reach all parts of the British Empire," it would be "difficult for the King to visit one important part of his dominions and decline to visit another." He reminds the Canadians that he visited them in his youth, and that the present Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family "have been untiring in visiting even the most distant parts of the empire." If the Canadians felt it proper to argue with the King they could reply that Canada occupied an exceptional position which would make it possible to visit her without incurring obligations to pay similar visits to Burma and Uganda. The fact that England's greatest colony is also the nearest (counting Newfoundland for the occasion as part of Canada) would be all the excuse needed for going to see it without extending the journey over all the rest of the empire. There are about as many white people in Canada and Newfoundland as in all the rest of the British colonies combined. There are more in Canada alone than in Scotland or Ireland. It might be said that the time would soon come when a British sovereign could better afford to stay away from Great Britain than from Canada. But as the occasion is not one that invites repartee the Canadians have accepted the King's decision gracefully.



THE LATE LADY CURZON

Formerly Miss Mary Leiter of Chicago—died in London, July 18

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A SKY-VIEW OF NEW YORK

WHAT THE CITY LOOKS LIKE AND WHAT THE PHOTOGRAPHER

By JAMES H. HARE, Collier's



THE SOUTHERN END OF MANHATTAN ISLAND.—BATTERY PARK AND THE SKYSCRAPERS

IT WAS with the object of making the first photographs of the heart of the skyscraper section of New York from a balloon that I engaged Mr. Charles Levee and Mr. Leo Stevens, and the balloon Aero Club No. 2, for an ascent for COLLIER'S. I got the photographs, but I also had an experience, concluded by a ducking in the Sound, which was more thrilling than any I had as a photographer in either the Cuban or the Russo-Japanese wars. Previous ascents of the Aero Club had been made from One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street, where the proper gas could be had and the facilities generally were good. As the winds almost invariably carried the balloon when it rose from One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street away from Manhattan Island I had to seek another point of departure. Governor's Island was the ideal spot, but out of the question, as the military station there has no gas. Finally, we chose the station of the New York and Richmond Gas Company at Clifton, Staten Island. It was not the fault of the company, which was most accommodating in every way, that their illuminating gas was poorly suited to our purpose. My expectation was that the winds would carry us straight across the bay and over the Battery. The pilot balloons we sent up, however, seemed to bear out the skepticism of the fishermen on this score, for they went in every direction but the one we wanted. Day after day we waited for a favoring current until one of the patient crews of sightseers, which gathered each morning, expressed the opinion that I was a fake working in the interest of the passenger service of the Staten Island ferries.

On Sunday, the 15th, we had partially inflated the bag when I decided that the light was too unfavorable for photography. We left the bag inflated overnight at some hazard of having it carried away by the wind. On Monday, the 16th, the currents were not flowing straight toward New York, but I gave word to let go. But we did not budge. Our gas was weak. We had over six hundred pounds of ballast in the basket, Mr. Levee maintaining that the amount was necessary in order to rise out of contrary currents of air. We kept dumping out the sand till we had only fifty pounds left. Then as we rose the basket caught on a clothes-line, which Mr. Stevens cut with his balloon knife just in time to save us from a spill. What became of the wash I never

looked down to inquire, for the next minute we were hanging to the cornice of a tenement while the bag stirred with the breeze over the roof.

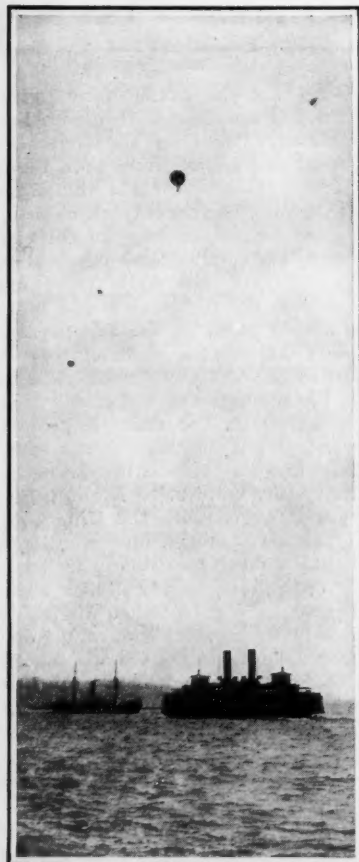
My film camera was smashed, and I was left with only my large camera and about twenty plates when, the balloon disengaging itself from the house, we went up so gently that it seemed to me as if we were still and the earth was sinking away from us. I have suffered from vertigo when I looked down from steeples or high buildings, but at no time on this trip did I feel the slightest dizziness. At first as we shot up it looked

as if we would go to New Jersey instead of toward New York. Mr. Levee said that on account of insufficiency of ballast we should have to descend at once, otherwise we might be driven out to sea. His viewpoint was that of the aeronaut; mine was that of the photographer. I had been to three weeks of bother and a good deal of expense, and I proposed to remain up a little longer. I told him that we might throw out our sea-anchor to the tug which COLLIER'S had engaged to follow us, and the tug might tow us to a point off the Battery, at any rate.

Then the wind suddenly favored us. We were carried straight over Governor's Island to Battery Park, passing a little to the northeast of the new Custom House. I could not have had a better position for the photographic effect I sought than at that moment, only the light was un-

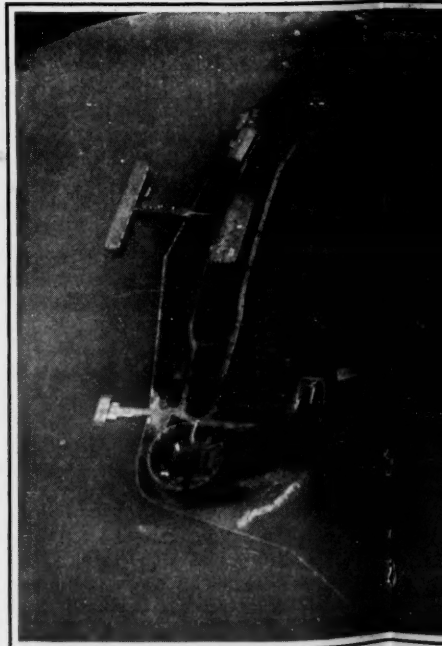


THE EAST RIVER WHERE IT IS SPANNED BY THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. THE STEAMER "RICHARD PECK" STARTING FOR NEW HAVEN. THE OTHER BOATS, WITH FOAMY WATERS RUNNING DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE PICTURE. THE DISCOLORATIONS WERE CAUSED

CROSSING NEW YORK HARBOR
PHOTOGRAPH BY BURTON

JAMES H. HARE, CHARLES LEVEE, AND LEO STEVENS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BURTON

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, THE U.S. MILITARY POST
PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1900 BY J. P. CO.

NEW YORK'S SKYSCRAPERS

THE PHOTOGRAPHER FEELS LIKE HALF A MILE IN THE AIR

ARE Collier's Staff Photographer



THE STEAMER ON THE LEFT, JUST LEAVING THE LONG, GRAY PIER, IS THE
FERRYBOATS. SOUTH STREET IS ON THE LEFT.
THE WAVES CAUSED BY THE WATER WHEN THE PLATES FELL INTO THE SOUND



S. MILITARY POST IN NEW YORK HARBOR
RIGHT 1800 P. F. COLLIER & SON



THE SKYSCRAPERS FROM ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE ABOVE THE EAST RIVER

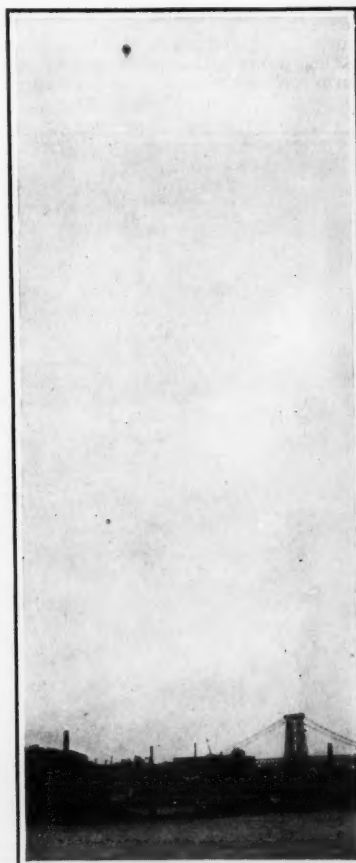
favorable, there being a slight haze. The tops of the skyscrapers were a thousand feet below us. I could distinguish easily the individual figures like so many pencil dots on the pavement. A group of dots directly beneath was the curb-brokers at their buying and selling. Not one sound of the hum and roar, of the clanging of electric cars or the whistling of the tugs, could I hear. New York was remote; it was a picture rather than an organism. You see it in the photograph as I saw it. North of the Produce Exchange another current gently carried us across the East River. When I exposed my last plate on the Brooklyn Bridge my work was done, and I told Mr. Levee he might descend whenever he pleased. We had a glimpse of Brooklyn and then we were shot back to Manhattan again in the region of the Williamsburg Bridge, only to cross over to Long Island once more, where we passed over Calvary Cemetery. When we saw a big vegetable garden Mr. Levee decided to descend there, and he opened the escape valve, but a burst of the sun from behind a cloud rarefied the gas and we went on to Flushing Bay, where Mr. Stevens threw out the sea-anchor. It occurred to me that all my pains would have been for nothing, of course, if my plates got wet. I wrapped them in a rubber cloth I had with me and packed them in my leather bag, and it was well that I did. We had now thrown out everything in the way of ballast we had, including the mineral water and the lunch, and we were already slowly descending when we threw out the sea-anchor. Once the anchor took hold and the rope drew taut, the effect was like lowering your forearm from the elbow. The anchor was the elbow and the basket was the hand. We were completely submerged not once but twenty times, at least, I should say. I was too occupied to keep count. On each occasion we came to the surface gasping and spluttering. I emptied the water out of the leather bag and prayed that it had not soaked through the rubber cloth on to the plates. The anchor was spasmodically taking us down, and the bag of the balloon, wind-driven, was spasmodically lifting us up. We skittered along like an artificial fly on a leader. We were jerked and twisted about until I was covered with bruises. It was in the midst of the flying-fish flight that my fingers touched a small flask in the basket. Mrs. Stevens had sent it along in case of need. We judged that the psychological moment for its use had arrived.

All three had life-preservers on. We might have let go the basket and saved ourselves further immersion. But I held on, because I wanted to save my plates, and Levee and Stevens because they did not want to be separated from the balloon. Meanwhile ferryboats and tugs passed us by without offering assistance. You see, everybody had read the report in the newspapers that the object of our ascension was to try a sea-anchor,

and the captains and pilots thought that they were witnessing the test, and that we did not want to be disturbed. As a matter of fact, the sea-anchor was an incident, and the whole object of our effort was the plates which were being doused again with each fresh plunge. Finally a rowboat with two young men in it came alongside, and I tossed my plates to them. As they were safe I did not mind sticking to the balloon. A sailing boat with auxiliary motor power which took the balloon in tow later on had a busy time after it had punctured the bag with its bowsprit and mast, and its propeller got caught in the ropes. When the propeller was disentangled, the balloon was drawn into Classon Point and I jumped into the rowboat and hastened home with my precious plates, and found on developing that some of them had been water-soaked only around the edges.



THE BALLOON COLLIDING WITH A HOUSE AT THE START
PHOTOGRAPH BY BURTON



A MILE ABOVE BROOKLYN
PHOTOGRAPH BY BURTON

THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD



QUACKS AND QUACKERY

II.—THE MIRACLE-WORKERS

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

This is the second article of the supplementary series which is to deal with the various phases of the quack, who is both the ally and the rival of the patent medicine swindler. "The Sure-Cure School" was published July 14. The next paper, "The Specialist Humbug," will appear in Collier's for September 1

POPULAR credulity moves in waves. Now it takes financial form, and some 520-per-cent Miller buys himself a suit of striped clothing, government pattern, with his profits. Again, religious fervor is its fuel, and "Francis Truth," fortified with press-agent and advertising man, passes across the field of public notice like a meteor, and, like a meteor, vanishes into the darkness. Just at present the public is much concerned with its individual health, a condition which has bred innumerable parasites of the "healer" type. Profiting by the general hypochondriacal tendency, for which the profusion of medical advertising in the newspapers is largely responsible, and employing a curious pseudo-science of their own devising, these charlatans are conducting a sort of magic saturnalia of healing.

Family Resemblance of the Fakes

What is true of one of this class is true of all the "doctors," "healers," "medical institutes," "homes of science," and various fresh-coined "opathys," which advertise to cure diseases by "special knowledge," "marvelous inventions," "startling discoveries in the realm of science," or "miraculous powers." Their schemes are, essentially, the same. One and all, they are frauds, operating by a shrewd and cunningly developed system, in which the sole essential of success is to bait the hook so as to attract the human gudgeon. Once he has nibbled, he's the charlatan's fish. Lucky, indeed, may he count himself if he come off depleted in purse alone, and not in his chances of cure or of life.

Once upon a time—this is a recognized and proper form for beginning a tale of magic—there was born a

young wizard named Isham. In the natural course of growth he reached that point in life where he desired to turn his wizardry to financial account. Less ingenious representatives of his ilk take to side-shows on country circuits, and either "eat-em-alive" or become the Beautiful Mlle. Astralette, Seer and Prophetess, according to sex and inclination. Isham had a soul above canvas. He yearned for something permanent and high-sounding; so he devised "Humanity Baking Powder," which, by a complicated scheme too long for detail here, was not only to raise the human race to heights hitherto undreamed of, but was even to extend their thoughts to the stars by means of a mighty telescope to be established from the dividends. The "Humanity Baking Powder" advertising was a thing to thrill the soul; but the sodden and materialistic American mind (feminine) declined to respond with that spontaneity which was expected, so Isham dropped the scheme and came East to settle in that spot where, as every bunco man in the country knows, the Permanent Convention of Jays and Come-ons is always in session—New York City. Isham's device for alienating the Innocents of New York from their money was the "California Waters of Life." These waters flow from a spring near San Diego, California, having come a long way to reach that spot, since they are, so Isham assures me, the identical waters which gushed from the Scriptural rock when Moses smote it.

"How do you know that they are?" I inquired when this interesting statement was made to me.

"How do you know they aren't?" demanded the Wizard triumphantly, and while I was dazedly feeling for some means wherewith to cope with this resilient brand of logic, he continued with an argument too profound for me to grasp in detail. The gist of it seemed to be, however, that all the waters of the earth, being in constant motion, eventually find their way to all parts of the earth, and that his spring was just as likely to be the Mosaic article as any other; a process of reasoning which I cheerfully leave to persons fond of dialectics. Whatever the source of the waters, Isham, in the course of time, came out with huge advertisements in the New York papers, in which he exploited himself and his spring about equally, declaring that he had a scheme for abolishing poverty and suffering, that he had been in personal consultation with the Deity about it, and, further, that the Isham spring water would cure rheumatism in seven days, cancer in thirty days, Bright's disease and diabetes in thirty days, would stop hair from falling out in three days, and would grow a luxuriant hirsute crop on the most sterile cranium. When San Francisco was destroyed, the thrifty Isham, eager to make capital out of calamity, rushed into print with the following head-lines:

OUT OF THE AWFUL EARTHQUAKE ZONE
Be Calm, Humanity, Be Calm!

ANSWERING THE AVALANCHE OF ANXIOUS INQUIRIES ABOUT ISHAM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

Then followed the curative claims. When I called on Isham in his office in the Flatiron Building, New York City, to ask about the cancer cases, he loaded me down with testimonials of various kinds, most of which, however, related to thin hair, or to indeterminate ailments, ranging from indigestion, through supposed kidney trouble, to a bump on the spine sustained in a trolley accident. To investigate all that he produced in the way of testimonials (most of them obviously not worth investigation, as seriously supporting his claims) would have taken weeks, perhaps months.

A few interested me because they suggested technical knowledge on the part of the patient. One of these was a "Professor" Fogg, by whom Isham seemed to set great store.

"What is he Professor of?" I asked.

"Well, I don't exactly know," said Isham, hesitatingly. "He calls himself Professor."

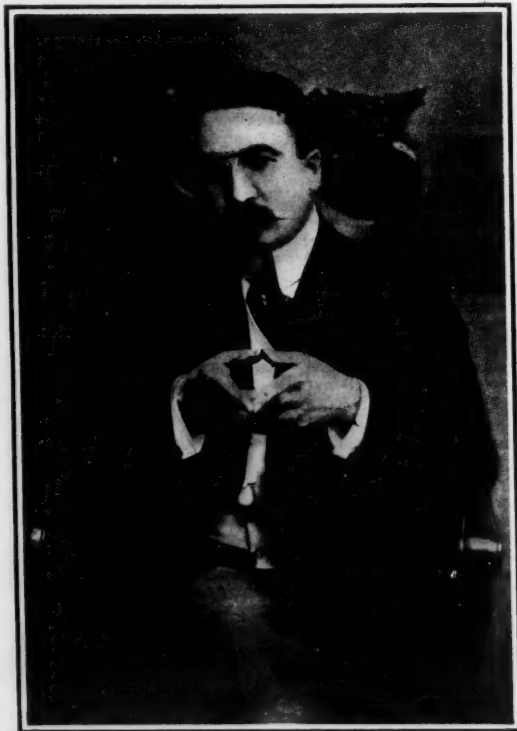
"Suppose I look him up at the Broadway address given in the advertisement."

"You wouldn't be likely to find him," was the hasty response. "He only gets his mail there. He lives somewhere in Long Island City."

Another name he gave me was that of a very prominent and high-standing New York physician. This physician, in reply to my query, stated that he had taken two cases of the waters for rheumatism, and had experienced not the slightest benefit. If Isham desires a testimonial to this effect, I dare say he can get it for the asking. Fifteen or twenty fairly prominent Philadelphia business men and financiers appear on the Isham list of names "used by permission." Several of these were asked whether they believed that Isham was divinely inspired, that his "Waters of Life" were the identical waters that gushed from the smitten rock of Moses, and that the waters would cure cancer in thirty days, all these statements having been publicly used by the Wizard to push the sale of his product.

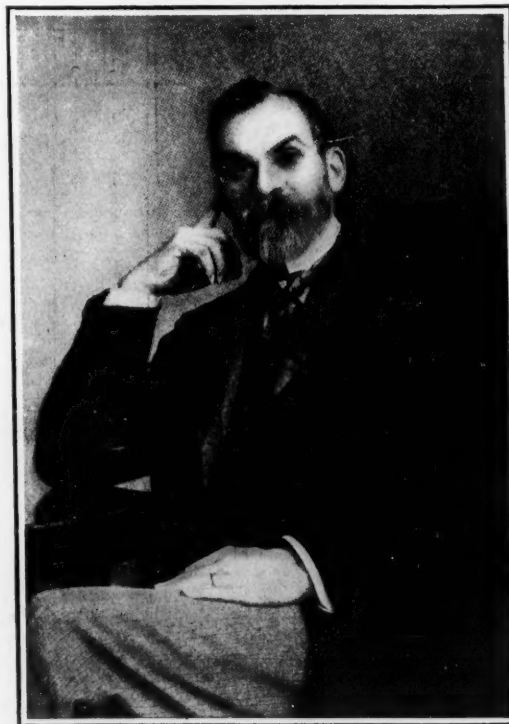
Isham's Medicine Makes Good Ice-Water

Some of the recipients of my inquiry became alarmed, and sent the letter to Isham. Those who replied answered the questions in the negative. One bank president loftily characterized the queries as "absurd." Apparently the initial absurdity of his lending his name to the purposes of a preposterous quack like Isham had not occurred to him. At the close of my interview with Isham, after he had fervently harangued me on the supernal virtues of his water, declaring that



RUPERT WELLS, M. D.

A prop of the Religious Journals



C. I. THACHER, M. D.

King of the Magnetic Quacks

it would make the drunkard a model of sobriety, reform the vicious, and restore youth to the senile, he exhorted me to be fair and dispassionate in my judgment of him and his product. I shall try to be. As to the "Waters of Life," they are probably a fairly good mineral water, as useful perhaps in minor stomach, kidney, or uric acid troubles as the average mineral spring water, and no more useful. They will no more cure cancer, Bright's disease, diabetes, or paralysis than will Croton water. To Isham himself I give the benefit of the doubt. I believe him to be mentally unsound. On any other premise he is the most arrant and blasphemous faker now before the public.

Isham may perhaps find food for thought in the career of a fellow-wizard, "Dr." Theodore H. White of Baltimore, who has recently relinquished the presidency of "Dr. White's College of Science" to serve a three years' sentence in a Federal jail for fraudulent use of the mails. The "doctor's" qualifications for the headship of the college were derived from his previous career as an oyster-shucker, spiritualist medium, and patent medicine agent. By ingenious advertising of a sort of book of knowledge he worked up a business which produced from five hundred to one thousand letters of inquiry per day. This book "tells you how to heal yourself and others of all diseases," and to perform various other useful and surprising functions, and is, also, "the key of everlasting life, a godsend to suffering humanity."

The Post-Office Gets After White

In the course of time the Post-Office Department became interested in "Dr." White and his scheme, to the extent of instituting inquiries, which the "doctor" was unable to answer. A fraud order stopped his mail, and his prosecution and conviction followed. The book which was the College of Science's main stock in trade is a fearsome hash of old witch-lore and alchemy, and modern spiritualism, stolen from various sources. Apparently the ex-oyster-shucker's mantle has fallen upon Prof. F. T. McIntyre of 126 West 34th Street, New York City, who exploits the world as his bivalve through a system bearing the esoteric and hypnotic title of "Uchatana and Bidwesana," whereby the "eminent exponent of the occult and psychic" (meaning McIntyre) teaches all and sundry "to heal the sick and suffering without doctors or drugs." This he pretends to do free, and he will doubtless continue the pretense until the overworked fraud-order section of the Post-Office Department attends to him.

Some months ago the Post-Office authorities descended, with blighting result, upon "Prof." Thos. J. Adkin, sometime of Rochester, where he established the "New York Institute of Physicians and Surgeons" for the practise of "Vitaopathy," whatever that may be. Judging from external evidence it consists chiefly in persuading, by some mysterious influence, the business managers of not-too-particular newspapers to print as "special correspondence" such headings as the following:

DEAD MEN TALKED BACK TO LIFE
Rescued on Way to Grave—Professor Stops Funeral
—Restores Woman to Life—Does He Possess
Divine Power?

The most eminent physicians and specialists in the world were, according to Professor Adkin, his associates in the practise of Vitaopathy. In addition to his professional qualifications, the professor seems to have been a truly hypnotic financier, since he succeeded in securing his world-beating physicians at a maximum wage of \$30 a week, while the most that any "specialist," called in from without to treat extraordinary cases, was able to wrest from the New York Institute of Physicians and Surgeons was about \$5 a month.

In Prof. Adkin's laboratory his chemists are daily engaged in extracting the life-and-health-giving principle from rare vegetables, fruits, and plants.

Thus one of the Vitaopathist's advertisements. When called upon to give details, Professor Adkin could produce neither laboratory, chemists, vegetables, fruits, nor plants. Under pressure he bashfully explained that his "treatment" consisted of tablets put up to his order by Parke, Davis & Co. of Detroit. This testimony should be interesting to physicians, since Parke, Davis & Co. are the largest manufacturers of "ethical" preparations advertised to the medical profession in the country, and are earnest claimants of high professional standing. How their ethics comport with this acting as supply to a proven and self-convicted quack, I leave for them to explain. In the general stir that accompanied the Post-Office Department's action against Adkin, resulting in his retirement from public life, the regular medical profession of Rochester did not come off unscathed. One of the allegations against the Vitaopathist was that he diagnosed and prescribed for cases by mail. Believing that the local medical profession was the agent of his discomfiture (a misapprehension on his part) and keen for revenge, Adkin sent out decoy letters to a considerable number of local physicians in good and regular standing, and got responses from a dozen or more agreeing to prescribe by mail for cases they had never seen. This unpleasant evidence the "Professor" used in a manner very trying to the ethical practitioners. A sharp lesson for them, but a salutary one. There will be very little of the long-distance-diagnosis form of quackery practised by the regular profession in Rochester for some time to come, I fancy. On the records of the fraud-order hearing, there is noted as being present (doubtless with a fellow-feeling for the defendant) Gen. James R. O'Beirne, who has held several posts of honor in New York City, and one of conspicuous dishonor, the presidency of the Force of Life Company, a swindle so open and bold that its recent whitewashing by a promi-

nent Federal official of New York has been a source equally of amazement and speculation to those who followed the proceedings against it. One of its fakes was a "Life-Ray Capsule," said to contain radium, but in reality simply a mixture of corn starch and calcium sulfid.

Science, ingeniously perverted, is made the agent of the miracle-working quack. Should some scientist authoritatively announce to-morrow a method of conserv-

emulating the anxious gentleman in Mr. Wallace Irwin's engaging poem,

"I wrote Dr. Shako and got as an answer:
'The wart on your thumb is incipient cancer,'"

consulted Rupert Wells, M. D., by mail. He sent her a form letter, ingeniously devised so that besides date, name, and address only one word need be written in. This word gives the location of the alleged cancer, and the sentence is: "Your letter convinces me that you have cancer of the ———." In this instance the word "temple" was obviously typed in. Of course, the symptoms, whatever they may be, will always "convince" Rupert, M. D., that his correspondent has cancer (unless the reply is to a consumption advertisement), to be cured only by Radol. Of late the Professor of Radio-Therapy has grown quite painfully cautious. Attempts to purchase Radol of him direct, have proved unavailing; he will send it by mail alone, and then only after receiving a diagnosis blank. However, the Lederle Laboratories succeeded by a roundabout process in obtaining the precious fluid for analysis, which showed that Radol contains exactly as much radium as dishwater does, and is about as efficacious for cancer or consumption.

More Radio-Quackery

Some time ago I received a circular inviting me to become rich without effort by investing in the stock of the Dr. Warner Remedy Co. of Chicago, Ill., proprietors of Radium Rings and Radiozone. Radium Rings, I learned from the accompanying literature, "are circular adhesive plasters, self-retaining to any part of the body, and a positive cure for all germ diseases" by a process whereby "the germs and decayed tissues are promptly flooded with emanation from the radio-active compound." "Radiozone tablets," so the prospective investor is further informed, "carry the radio-active properties (internally) and possess all of the virtues of Radium Rings." Very alluring as a financial proposition, but I restrained my cupidity, and went to call on the Dr. Warner Remedy Co., which I found to consist of one Bird Collins, a graduate from the fraudulent nostrum school as exemplified by Wine of Cardui. Mr. Collins is a frank and business-like person, as will be seen by the following dialogue:

"Are Radium Rings radium?"
"No."
"Is there any radium in them?"
"No."
"Then why do you call them Radium Rings?"
"It's a trade name."
"Is Radiozone radium?"
"No."
"Is there any radium in it?"
"No."
"Then why do you call it Radiozone?"
"It's a trade name."
"Is Dr. Warner here?"
"No."
"Is there any Dr. Warner in your Company?"
"No."
"Then why do you call it the Dr. Warner Medical Company?"
"It's a trade name."
"Is your name Collins?"
"N—yes."
"Is it a trade name?"
"No."
"Do you make your own remedies?"
"No."
"Who makes them?"
"Seabury and Johnson." (This firm, like Parke, Davis & Co., is an "ethical" concern.)
"Is there anything in them at all?"
"Yes there is," said Mr. Bird Collins earnestly.
"There's money in 'em if they're pushed right." And he proceeded with an impressive line of promoter's argument, which I refrain from reproducing, this not being a financial article.

Radium Radia is another attempt to trade upon the public superstition regarding supposed wonderful qualities of the little understood element. It is really a patent medicine rather than a specific form of quackery, and I mention it only to state that it contains no radium, and that its name is typical of its swindling purpose. The same is true of Radiumite, a cure-all which consists of zinc sulfid and lead.

The truly profitable way of furnishing radium to the public is to find a place where it spouts from the ground. Such a spot has been discovered at Claremore, Indian Territory, by an association of highly respected business men and bunco practitioners from Fort Smith, Arkansas, calling themselves "The Claremore Radium Wells Co."

Their circular embodies a picture of a young female exhaling zigzag streaks from her head and hands in a manner to suggest that she has just been short-circuited, the illustration being labeled "Radium Emanations from Human Body after a Bath." The literature goes on to describe in modest and restrained terms the virtues of the spring. "This magic mineral Radium Water has more miraculous and wonderful cures to its credit than any other known agency. . . . Hundreds are being cured of all manner of diseases, and no failures with this Magical Mineral Radium Water, without the use of medicine. Drink the Magical Mineral Radium Water for rheumatism, all blood diseases, all kinds lung and stomach troubles and Bright's diseases (sic). It cures quick."

The baldness of the fake is enhanced by the inclusion in the circular of a chemical analysis of the water, showing absolutely no radium or radium-producing constituents. As a fitting close to this remarkable instance of swindling, which the correspondent who

THE DAILY STA

IS THERE A LIMIT TO THIS
MAN'S HEALING POWER?

PANOPATHIC PROFESSOR WORKS WONDERS

Restores Health to Invalids Pronounced Hopelessly Incurable By
Physicians, Healing in the Face of Apparent Impossibilities.

DOES AWAY WITH USELESS DRUGS

And Condemns Brutal Operations By Surgeon's Deadly Knife—
No Disease He May Not Cure By Some

STRANGE, INTANGIBLE, UNSEEN FORCE
OF MIGHTY POTENCY

That Cures When Doctors and Medicines Fail and Hope
Is Gone.

HAS HE THE POWER DIVINE?

Ministers of the Gospel Say He Is Gifted of God, and Praise Him
For His Help to Suffering Humanity—He Gives Service and
Home Treatment Free to the Sick and Afflicted.

New York, July 12.—(Special Correspondence)—Healing is believing, and witnessing the amazing miracles performed by Professor Wallace Hadley makes one exclaim: "Is there a known limit to this man's healing power? Is there a single disease he cannot cure? Is there any case so hopeless that he cannot restore health?"
Probably no other physician in the world treats so many patients as this famous professor of panopathy and physiatrics. They come to him by scores and hundreds. The sick—

cure stomach and bowels troubles, rheumatism, nervous prostration, indigestion, catarrh, or any of the ills that human flesh is heir to, I have done so many times over. Without intending to boast, I may safely say that I treat more patients in a year than the average physician does in a lifetime, and among them are numbered many of the worst cases in the country. And I cure because I have at my command a power over disease so great that its extent can hardly be realized. Recently I received the letter from Mrs. C. M. Weston of Maryland in which she gave me the following testimonial:

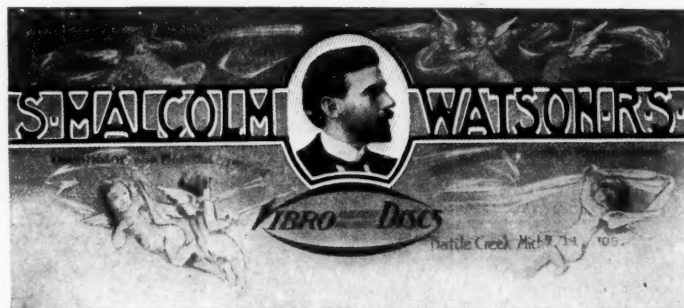
BLASPHEMY COMBINED WITH QUACKERY

The "Professor" Hadley is also Medical Director of the Force of Life fake

ing the light and heat of the sun, within a few weeks we should read in the papers that "Bottled Sunlight" is a sure cure for any and all ills. So radium, having occupied the public mind and excited the public fancy, has furnished material for the lively commercial imagination of the quacks. Rupert Wells, M.D., early perceived its possibilities, and appointed himself Professor of Radio-Therapy in the "Post-Graduate College of Electro-Therapeutics of St. Louis," a chair which has no existence, in a college which is purely mythical.

Religious Rupert, the Fireside Faker

Rupert Wells, M. D., is very religious—in his advertisements. He loves the church papers. The weeklies with smug and pious editorials, and no conscience whatever in the matter of paid advertising, are his green pastures. He is a home-and-fireside cuddler, is Rupert. He is also a ground-and-lofty liar of the most complete and soul-satisfying description. You can read whole pages of his literature and not come upon one single



DR. WATSON'S ANGELIC LETTER-HEAD

The Post-Office has interfered with this Quack's activity by issuing a fraud order against him

statement tainted with truth. To illustrate, by a brief capitulation of the main points of one of his "come-on" letters: By virtue of his profound studies in radium-administration (lie No. 1) at the college wherein he is professor (compound lie, No. 2) he can cure consumption (lie No. 3) and cancer (No. 4) by a method which he wishes to tell you about free (No. 5), consisting of the internal and external application of Radol, which is radium in fluid form (No. 6), which he himself has discovered (No. 7), and by which he has effected many cures (No. 8), as follows (Nos. 9, 10, 11, etc., to the extent of the testimonials). Recently a Philadelphia woman,

calls it to my attention characterizes as "evidently designed to test the limits of human credulity." I can do no better than reproduce in its own form the caution in the Claremore Radium Wells Co. circular:

A WARNING TO THE PUBLIC

Beware of Fake Radium Water when in Claremore for Baths,

and to add, lest there be any misapprehension, that the chief "Fake Radium Water" in Claremore is that furnished by the Claremore Radium Wells Co.

Magnetism is still "good graft." Its mystical suggestion, appealing to superstitious hope, offers the proper medium for skilled quackery. Prof. S. Malcolm Watson, R. S. (whatever that may mean), of Battle Creek, Michigan, operates in this field. Vibro Discs are his wares. They are exploited to cure rheumatism. Prof. Watson's advertising matter is calculated to inspire it. I have seen nothing more ingenious in the realm of patent medicine literature.

The Professor's letters, too, are models of altruism. He yearns to cure you, not so much for his good as yours. The \$5 which he proposes to charge you is merely nominal. If, after you have nibbled at his bait the first time, he fails to hook you, he lowers his price to \$2.50. Let this letter go unanswered for a fortnight, and he comes after you with a final proposition to throw in a bottle of Vibro Oil, although the Vibro Discs and the Vibro Tablets, which are an "infallible cure," would seem to be sufficient. Mark the pathos of this last Watsonian plea:

"I have written you several kind and courteous letters, but so far you do not seem to have made the least reply. All this is very strange and to me rather painful. Of course there may be a just cause for your silence. But if no such cause exists you must admit that I am not getting a fair return for the good I have tried to do and the courtesy I have shown you."

How To Be Your Own Magnetizer

"Prof." Watson's Vibro Discs are merely plasters to be affixed to the soles of the feet. Vibro Tablets and Vibro Oil are ordinary preparations put up for him by a drug firm. In none of them is there any more curative "vibration" or "galvanism" than in a lump of mud. In the interests of those suffering from rheumatic ailments I will give the following prescription free, which I will guarantee to be as efficacious as Prof. Watson's Vibro treatment, and considerably less expensive. Purchase at any drug store one two-cent stamp (the one-cent variety will do in incipient cases), affix it firmly to the base of the spinal column, and while seated upon it take one bread pill (brown or white), whenever you happen to think of it. The stamp will provide fully as much vibration as Prof. Watson's discs, and the bread pill will be better for you than his tablets. Just at present the Vibro-Scientist is under a cloud, his mail having been suppressed as fraudulent, but he will probably bob up again in some new spot, unless the fraud-empowering bill, pending at Washington, ties the hands of the Post-Office Department and gives Prof. Watson a practical license to resume business at the old stand.

Magic Foot Drafts, made at Jackson, Michigan, belong to this same class. Affixed to the soles of the feet they are advertised as drawing out the rheumatic poison from the whole system. Of course they might as well be affixed to the barn door, so far as any uric acid extraction is concerned. They are a compound of poke-root, pine tar, and corn meal. Prof. E. C. Goddard, manager of the Crescent Magnetic Appliance Co. of St. Louis, also has a "foot-battery" to be attached to any form of insole and a magnetic (not an electric) belt "guaranteed to Throw a Magnetic Current Through Six Inches of Solid Glass, Stone, Wood, or Other Substance." This claim is no more preposterous than the company's offer to cure heart disease, epilepsy, paralysis, rheumatism, insomnia, and general debility by means of their contrivances. On this same principle of pasting a label on the outside of oneself to cure something wrong with one's inside is Dr. Young's "Peptopads," which, like the Magic Foot Drafts, hail from Jackson, Michigan. Affix one of these to your solar plexus and, according to the advertisement, you will not only recover from any stomach ailment, but "you can eat what you want and all you want." This, I suppose, operates on the simple and well-known principle of sticking a piece of court-plaster on the back of a watch to repair a broken mainspring.

But the King of Quackdom in the magnetism field is C. J. Thacher, M. D., of Chicago. His powers are cribbed, cabined, and confined by no arbitrary limits. He would scorn to restrict himself to any one disease or class of diseases. Thacher will cure anything. Paralysis, consumption, Bright's disease, obesity, insanity, or senility; it's all one to him. Just let him get the patient inside a set of "the famous Thacher Magnetic Shields," and disease and death must slink away, impotent and ashamed. Hear the trumpet-tones of Thacher, *via* the New York "American":

"I want to say to every man, woman, and child

within my reach that I can cure any disease that afflicts the human race. I make that statement just as broad, sweeping, and all-inclusive as I know how. I don't care what the disease is, nor how bad it is, nor how many other diseases are complicated with it, I am as positive that I can cure them all with the famous Thacher Magnetic Shields as I am that the sun will rise in the morning."

When I called at 161 State Street, Chicago, to see the worker of these miracles, I found a big gaunt old man,



HORRIBLE SIGHT AT CLAREMORE WELLS

This picture is taken from the circular issued by the Claremore Radium Wells Co. of Claremore, Indian Territory. No explanation is made of why the lady has had her head and her hands cut off after a bath. It seems a cruel practise even if the resultant pyrotechnic effects are genuine

with a formidable head, a formidable voice, and a still more formidable manner. He wore a magnetic cap, a magnetic waistcoat, magnetic insoles, and his legs were swathed like a mummy's in magnetic wrappings. It made one perspire to look at him. The outset of the conversation, I regret to report, was unpropitious. Upon learning of my errand, the aged Thacher proceeded to thunder eloquent denunciations. Because of what he termed "wholesale and unwarranted attacks" he couldn't get his advertisements in the best newspapers, nor would the high-class office buildings accept him as a tenant. (Real estate men in Chicago seem to be more particular than in New York, where the Flatiron Building accepts Waters-of-Life Isham, the blood-brother in quackery of Thacher, *et al.*) He was confounded with every quack that chose to exploit himself. He, Thacher, was no quack. He defied any one to call him a quack. At this point, observing that his hearer

shields on 'em and cure 'em. Restore the harmonious vibrations of the brain, and everything is well.

"Paralysis!" (Hammering himself on his magnetic leg-swaddlings.) "Easy problem. Had five cases. Couldn't wink or speak or move finger or toe. Put suits on 'em and cured 'em. Cured 'em right off. Winked. Spoke. Moved finger and toe. Got up and walked. Paralysis! Pish!"

Dr. Thacher proceeded to explain that in every square of his magnetic garments is a small magnet, the total lifting power of a full suit being 250 pounds. On this basis there seems to be something wrong with my sample of magnetic insoles, as the very slightly magnetized steel in them won't lift its own weight. At this rate a full outfit, having the lifting power claimed by the inventor, would be rather cumbersome for summer wear, as it would weigh about a quarter of a ton.

Of the making of "electric belts" and other fake forms of electric "cures," there is apparently no end. Most of them purport to relieve general debility. They may have a brief stimulating influence, but the stimulus soon wears off, leaving the dupe worse than he was before. As cures for rheumatism, paralysis, and the other diseases which they pretend to eradicate, they are simple frauds one and all. Moreover, most of them when worn next the skin produce ugly and poisoned sores, from the chemical action. Extreme instances of swindling claims are afforded by "The Electricure," which modestly offers to cure absolutely "consumption, paralysis, rheumatism, heart disease, and all acute, chronic, or organic diseases," and the "Electro-Chemical Ring," which cures diabetes, epilepsy, and rheumatism merely by being worn on the finger.

From Quackery To Miracles

At the apex of the profession of quackery stands the miracle-worker proper. Usually he is an itinerant, traveling after the manner of his fellow parasite, the flea, by long leaps. One week he will be in Cincinnati, the next in Chattanooga, and a fortnight later in New Orleans. His advertising methods are those of the circus. One of this class, who swings around the circle in western New York, is a singular creature, whose stage name is "The Great Vurpillat." He travels with a brass band and a six-horse team, duly blanketed with his name, and precedes his "lecture" with a vaudeville show. Newspapers that want his advertising must print it as legitimate news, which, to their discredit, many of them do. In the Rochester "Union and Advertiser," for instance, I find his three-quarters of a column next to reading matter and with no mark to designate it as advertising. The Great Vurpillat's system is to hire a vacant hall, or, in warm weather, a vacant lot, give his little show, and then proceed to "demonstrate." For instance, a member of the audience presents himself to be cured of deafness. The Great Vurpillat stands fifteen feet away from the patient, and in a voice like a dying saint's last whisper inquires: "Can you hear me speak?"

"No," replies the patient in answer to the expression of inquiry on the demonstrator's face. Anointment with some kind of embrocation follows, after which the wonder-worker moves away forty or fifty feet, and thunderously bellows: "Can you hear me now?"

"Yes," says the startled victim.

On the following day the "Union and Advertiser" dutifully announces that "after the Great Vurpillat had demonstrated upon him with his wonderful new discovery, Mr. Leidecker said he could hear Vurpillat's voice at a distance of sixty feet."

The New Orleans "States" sells its space to a species of quackery so blasphemous that the clergy of that city might well make it the subject of concerted protest. The advertiser is a "Panopathic Professor," Wallace Hadley of New York, who offers to cure all diseases at any distance, and thus exploits himself in huge type:

HAS HE THE POWER DIVINE?
Ministers of the Gospel say he is Gifted of God, and Praise Him for His Help to Suffering Humanity

Prof. Hadley, when not itinerating, is the medical director and working head of the Force of Life Co.

Toledo has a curious quack who describes his alleged successes as "Modern Miracles." He calls himself "Prof. Larmonth," under which name he conducts a "Health Home." He is cunning, ignorant, and without genuine medical qualifications, in spite of which he has as partner in his noisome enterprise the proprietor of one of Toledo's principal newspapers, a gentleman who takes pride in his record as a public influence for good through lectures and Y. M. C. A. addresses; yet who takes profit from a swindle, compared to which three-card monte is respectable and harmless.

Every city has its quacks of the miracle-working kind. Mostly they prey upon the ignorant, and when the field of one locality is worked out they move to another, leaving their former province to some successor of their kind. For upon this profitable principle all medical bunco is built: that the human sheep once fleeced soon grows another crop for the benefit of the coming shearer.



A MIRACLE-WORKER'S PALACE OF ENCHANTMENT

The circus tent in which "The Great Vurpillat" gives a vaudeville show and scares away diseases

was properly impressed and alarmed, he became mild and confidential, and delivered a lecture which I think was devised for prospective patients. A few of the gems (unset, of necessity) follow:

"My object is to spread the light: to rescue humanity. I can cure them of anything! I write and I lecture. The people flock to hear me. In time they will compel the authorities to take notice of my methods." (Presumably Dr. Thacher did not have in mind the Post-Office authorities.) "I will extend my Magnetic Shield treatment to the Government. I will say, 'Take it! Take it! and set the people free.'"

"Insanity!" (Whacking himself on the magnetic cap.) "Insanity! Simple as daylight! Let the authorities turn over ten cases to me. I'll put my magnetic

STANFORD WHITE



ONE who is permitted to write a few true words about a man who never spoke an unkind one resents the fact that before he can try to tell what Stanford White was, he must first tell what Stanford White was not. But owing to the manner of his death and to the conduct of certain newspapers, the preface is necessary. Had Stanford White died in bed, with his family, friends, and the family physician gathered about him, no newspaper would have found anything to say of him save that which was appreciative, true, and kind. In his death they would have seen only a loss to this city and to this country. They would have regretted him as a great artist, whose work, instead of hanging in the drawing-rooms of the few rich, stands where all men get the good of it, out of doors, in the public streets, in the parks of the people.

But because his death was violent, and to the most painful degree sensational, that part of the press that fattens on sensation ordered the local rooms "to play it up," to "let it run for all it will stand," to pile horror upon horror. And to the truth, which was sad enough, was added what was absolutely untrue and absolutely unpardonable. Speaking as one who has been in the newspaper business for fifteen years and as one who was well acquainted with Stanford White, I can truly say that in those fifteen years I have never known an attack made upon any one as undeserved, as unfair, as false as the one made upon him. That within three days the awful charges fell to pieces of their own rottenness did not correct the wrong that had been committed, a wrong far worse than murder. It was three days too late. Over all this country, over Europe, had been sent broadcast the hideous misshapen image of the man we knew to be so different, and the good that Stanford White had done was interred with his bones. It can not remain buried. Seeing no other sign of it, I can not believe that among us fair play is so dead that men will listen to those who attack another only when he is unable either to defend himself or to punish them. The just and the fair-minded will ask why these charges were made against White only after he was murdered; and why, if the newspapers knew of these things, they did not criminally fail in their duty to the community in not sooner making them public. Had the newspapers done so while Stanford White still was alive, they would have been as quickly punished as, since his death, their charges have been disproved. These charges are so impossible that were they not hideous they would be absurd. Had some of them been true Stanford White would have been the first to cut his own acquaintance; had others been true he would have cut his own throat.

Fortunately the testimony to their falsehood does not come only from those who knew and liked him, but also from the witnesses called against him by the yellow newspapers and by the creature who murdered him. The private detectives who for two years were hired to spy upon his every movement in that time were unable to attain one item of evidence against him; the society which, the yellow press declared, held among its records evidence of White's misconduct, through its president indignantly denied that this was so, or that for such a statement there was the least foundation; and of three places described as "studios" rented by White, the owner of each showed that White had never even visited his house, was utterly unknown to him, and demanded that the newspaper make retraction. Twenty-four hours later without shame the newspaper that had accused White of maintaining three harems regretted its "mistake." Its real regret was that it had made the mistake of offending living owners of real estate who might advertise, not that it had wantonly lied about a man who was dead.

But, perhaps, what most helped toward the truth and what in New York started the reaction in Stanford White's favor was the testimony of the very women who, if what had been said of Stanford White were so, had the best reason to be his enemies.

It is true that some of these young persons, to get their pictures in the "Morning

Telegraph," would talk to the newspapers on almost any subject. But not all of them. And it was the evidence given before the District Attorney by one of these latter that first called "shame" to the yellow journals, and to those who did not know White showed the man as he was.

She spoke at a moment when the shock of his death and the suddenness of the attack upon his memory had left those who were supposed to be his friends stunned and silent, and when those who did not know him were drawing from this silence the worst conclusions. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the voice of a girl raised in honest indignation against the hysterical shrieks of abuse. Through cigarette pictures, as Hour, and as "The Bather," you know this girl, but you do not know that under the necklaces of Hour and the jersey of the bather she wears a scapular, and that she is as good a Catholic and as good a girl as ever came out of Ireland, and if she does not often go to the confessional it is only because she has nothing to confess.

She broke the silence, and she broke it with an ax. She struck a clean, manly blow from the shoulder. What she said cleared the air; it rang with honesty, and for the first time people felt that they were learning the truth.

Since his death Stanford White has been described as "that beast," as a blackguard, as an ogre, Bluebeard, and satyr. To answer this by saying he was a great architect is not to answer it at all. He was an architect, but what is more important is that he also was a most kind-hearted, most considerate, gentle and manly man, who no more could have done the things attributed to him than he could have roasted a baby on a spit.

He was big in mind as he was big in body; he was as incapable of little meannesses as of great crimes. He loved life and got more out of it in more intelligent and in more different ways than any other man of his day in New York City. He admired a beautiful woman as he admired every other beautiful thing that God has given us. It might be the colors of an old painting, it might be the gilding on the carved frame of the old painting, it might be Emma Eames's singing of Massenet's "Elegie," or Blanche Ring's singing of "The Good Old Summer Time," the shoulder muscles of Sharkey, or the cornice of a Greek Temple. His

delight over one was just as keen, as boyish, and grateful as over all the others. Described as a "voluptuary," his greatest pleasure was to stand all day waist deep in the rapids of a Canadian river and fight it out with the salmon. He always was brimming with some generous new enthusiasm.

"You haven't seen it!" he would exclaim, raising and clenching his two fists. "It's bully, wonderful, gorgeous! It's the finest bit of his work in America."

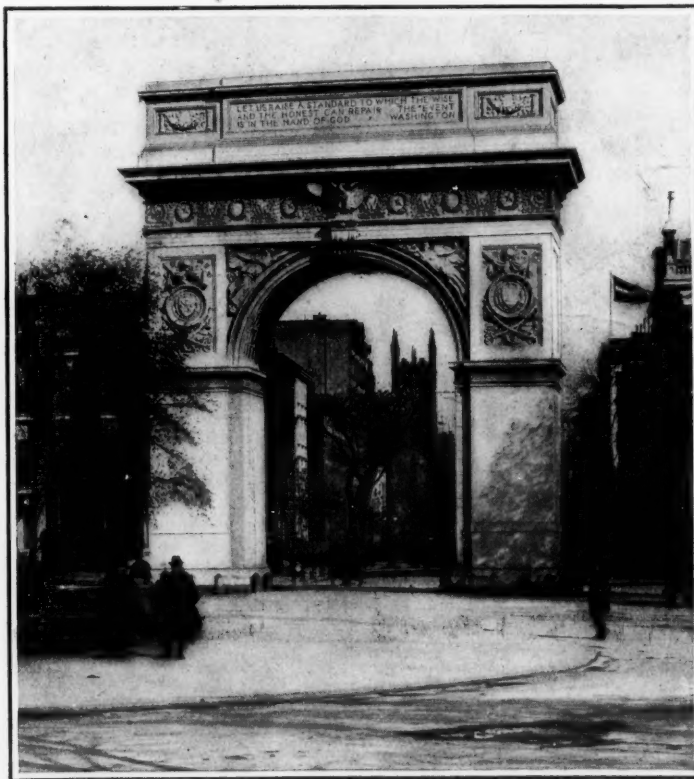
To him everything in life was "bully, wonderful, gorgeous." His brother artists testified that he had not a jealous drop of blood in his veins. No one knew better than he what in another man's work was good, and no one was more quick to say it was good. Of his own work he was sincerely modest almost to shyness. If you emphasized the work as his work, and not the work itself, he would shake himself like a great bear and turn your remark aside. If the work were good and beautiful, in his admiration for it it did not matter whether it was his or that of an unknown art student. He was always helping these beginners, encouraging, advising, finding them commissions; when he assisted some young man to study art in Paris no one heard of it, as no one heard of the girls he aided for the sole reason that they needed aid. If, through the girl, any one did hear of it he attributed to White the worst motives. Personally I know of many cases where he has helped those who had absolutely no claim upon him except that they were ill and poor. And so far from being the ogre he has been pictured, when a man or a woman was in trouble, Stanford White was the first man in New York to whom he or she could turn, knowing that, asking no questions, preaching no sermon, it would give him pleasure to serve them.

Owing to the nature of his profession he left his mark upon New York City as few other men have done. The people of the whole country know that as a judge or juror he has chosen for them public buildings which stand over all America, and that to him are they indebted for much of the beauty of the White City of the Chicago Fair. But they do not know that nearly every block of New York's greatest thoroughfare is crowded with monuments to his taste and genius, and that for the last twenty years there has hardly been a civic function or public celebration that has not owed to him something of its success. It was he

who at the time of the Columbus celebration lined Fifth Avenue with Venetian masts and filled the trees of Madison Square with orange-colored lamps, under which the people wandered as though in a fairy garden of their own; it was he who was chosen to decorate the Metropolitan Opera House with fifteen thousand roses; it was he who built the Madison Square Garden, the new Tiffany building, the homes of the Players, the Century, the Lambs, The Brook, and the lofty marble arch to Washington which fronts Fifth Avenue. The covers you have known for the longest time on the magazines are his, and the same hand that made the plans for the Metropolitan Club, the home of the "millionaires," drew the design for the pedestal of the Farragut statue, on which the homeless take their ease. In New York it is impossible for the poor man, the rich man, the man of taste and the man with none, to walk abroad without being indebted to Stanford White for something that is good and uplifting. Is it then intelligent to believe that one whose work was fine, big, and far-reaching could himself have been degraded and contemptible?

The misfortune was that Stanford White died in such a manner that the last moment of his career blinded people to the years that had gone before, and they judged him by those who for the instant dragged him to their level, not by what the man himself had been, or by what he himself had accomplished.

For Stanford White I hold no brief. He was my friend, and he was kind to me as he was to many others, and I can not but believe when the hysteria passes the world will again know him as I knew him; as a big-hearted, generous, gentle man.



THE WASHINGTON ARCH—STANFORD WHITE'S MASTERPIECE

Richard Harding Davis



MY MIKE and JOE CRANE

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrated by GEORGE GIBBS



WHEN you went over the factory this morning, did you see a fine-looking old cuss working at the lasters' bench with white hair and a red wrinkled face and a thin beard that kind of bristles out? You'd be apt to notice him. Seems like a man who might be Vice-President or something in different clothes, don't he? But when he talks to you, and it ain't often, he looks at the floor. That's old Joe Crane, God help him! There ain't any better men wear hair except that he's got a knot in his string that hasn't never been picked out. Something was put into him like salt is put in your cup of coffee by mistaking it for sugar—just a pinch of it, but it spoils the whole thing. See what I mean?

He works there at that bench, and you can see the men give him plenty of room. They're covered with goose-flesh half the time, they're so careful with him. When he goes home he goes to a shack on the Maple Hill Road, where he hangs out all alone, for old Joe's lived sixty some odd years, and I guess there hasn't been a minute of that time that he's been more than a couple of inches this side of a Grand Jury.

He'll burst out sometimes when some fool has touched the right button on his soul, and his neck will swell so you can see the mark of his collar after it's all over, and his fingers go creeping after a three-pound wrench or the like of that, and there's a killing in his eyes. Then let him fling loose and it's over in a second like the rip of dynamite, and then everything's quiet except the old man choking and swaying and a little stream of blood running out of his beak. It's always been the same, and although it's only happened a couple of times since he's been in the factory, I can tell you it's twice as fierce when you have to see him suffer afterward. Seems as if he'd just been getting his pride once more and looking you in the eyes when he talks to you, and then it happens again, and flings him back all the months he's been holding down the cork. Life never teased a feller the way it teases old Joe, and there ain't a man with more pride and quiet ways and kind of sensitive this side of history. One of the times I spoke of, he near killed my boy. But it was a lucky thing it happened—that is, for the lad and for me, for until that time I'd never understood the boy the way it ought to be. Well, come to think of it, I got a good deal of understanding of old Joe, too.

The affair was about three years back. It wasn't long after I'd been made foreman, and everything seemed about right with me. I'd got my own house and the stuff in it, and even if this backwoods factory town isn't a place to listen for harps or look for halos, it's pretty healthy, and the town itself ain't large enough to spoil that view up the valley where it's brown like you see it now, or soft and green as pickles in summer, or white with four foot of unbroken snow like frosting on a cake. A man can be happy here all right, and then again, though I don't do many things right, you bet I married right, and my Annie is the kind of woman I don't deserve, and probably never will. It must be awful to grow older loving a woman because of what's gone and not because of what you hope's coming, but I've never had to love her that way. Then there was little Annie—strong as a kitten and lips as red as you'd want to see 'em—but she was away at her grandmother's that winter, and there was little Michael with his round legs, going into his eleventh year. It was the gang I'd had by me while I was fighting my way up and we'd won together, and everything was just right with me—except just one thing that brought us a heap of trouble. That was the weave of the boy.

He wasn't enough the tincture of a man to suit me. His romp around and tear-'em-up fits didn't happen much, and he'd rather climb up on my knee or sit in the house looking at pictures in the back of the dictionary, or get a hold of a lot of ants in the gravel and watch 'em and call 'em by name—Mr. Walsh, and Billy, and Mrs. Pearson, and things like that. Seemed to me as if he was soft-hearted and soft-handed like a girl, and I used to bother my head a lot about him when he'd climb under the sofa winter evenings and stay there quiet till the Woman sent him off to bed, pretending the pattern on the carpet was a map of some blasted country nobody ever dreamed of. The funny thing about it was, he was a healthy little nipper, and once in a while I'd get some dividends out of him.

I remember there was the Burns boy that used to come by the house at the noon hour with the old man's

dinner-pail, and he was always slinging a cuss or a green crab-apple or something over the fence at little Mike playing in the yard. "I'll wait," says I to myself, "and see how long the boy stands it, and how much." Great guns! I'd have given a month's pay to have seen him go over the fence after a lad bigger than he was. But he never let out so much as a peep till one day when the Burns boy, who was a ugly, fat-legged devil, jumped over the fence into the yard and kicked over a bit of a playhouse my kid had made of old shingles. Toots, as we called the boy, opened up then like a century-plant that don't blossom often, but comes out strong when it gets up against it. "I would do your heart good to see the smash he give the Burns lad on the nose, and it didn't make any difference that he got licked looser than a hound puppy by the bigger lad. But when I says to him, 'Toots, whose blood's that on your shirt?' he yells out in a kind of a screech, 'It's his,' and over he went trembling like a frightened humming-bird and sick like a girl from the excitement, so it would nearly make you sick too to see a boy with that kind of insides.

Sometimes he'd seem to want something, and you couldn't tell what it was any more than he could—he'd come first to me and then go to his mother. We found out since what he was after. And for days he'd get kind of lonesome acting till his imagination began working on him, and then perhaps he'd go out under the apple tree in the yard, sitting in a packing-box, an umbrella over him and an old chair hitched up to the box for a horse, and there he'd sit in the rain just as contented as a ripe squash until we called him in. It didn't seem to me no right way for a boy to act.

I says to Annie: "It's time for me to take a hand; I don't want him to be the kind you find at the bottom of the barrel. This is a tough world, and the boy won't always have you to tuck him in nights, for life takes a lot of wallops out of a man, and when it hands Toots a punch it will hit something soft and easy and unnatural. I ain't training the boy for a poet or seamstress," I says.

"He's a nice lad," says she, looking at her foot. "Leave him be. He'll learn the ballyraggin' of the world soon enough. It isn't lickin' he needs."

"Lickin'!" I says, "who said anything about lickin'?" I'm going to ballyrag him myself," I says. "I'm going to let him see what it means to be a man, give and take. I ain't a-going to treat him like a kid any longer. I'll put the rasp on him and let him rub it back into me if he can. I'm going up against his spirit."

"Do you think you understand the lad? I don't myself," says she, kind of doubtful; but I thought I did, and there's where I bust my puckerin' string. "No more Toots and pet names and climbin' up on the knee," I says. "The cold, cruel world for Michael now," I says.

"What's the matter now, you lobster?" says I to him, talking like a section boss when he comes in to dinner that night with his face shiny from the towel. He looks at me a minute with his eyes wide, and I see his upper lip a-tremblin' like the whinny of a horse. "Tell him he's a lobster himself," says his mother, near heart-bust herself, but it was too late. The boy commenced to blubber like a kitten under water.

"What's the matter now?" I yells, banging on the table enough to jump the ice off the butter. "Speak up, man, and air your troubles!"



There he'd sit in the rain just as contented as a ripe squash

He stops heaving sobs and straightened up, looking at me with his big blue eyes all squinted up. "You're all against me," he yells. "Nobody cares what happens to me. I'll get even with you. You wouldn't care if I died!" And upon my word he walked out of the room like a prize-fighter.

"There," says I to Annie, "how's that? Just as I said, what? I guess I know how to put the real stuff into him." That's what I said, and it shows pretty plain that fools come in men's sizes.

But the Woman loosened up a couple of tears. "It's awful, Jim," she says. "That look of him! I'd never know it was my boy. You'll break his spirit."

"No, I'll make it," I says.

We had quite a few times like that, and sure as shooting the boy was learning to be a man. "You don't love me," he'd say, "so leave me alone. Mind your own business." I'd made Annie treat him as near as I could the same way, and he learned to talk up straight and rough to both of us. It did my ears good to hear him. "He had a backbone after all," says I to myself.

It was just before the spring storms that he went off one day and didn't come home till midnight. I talked pretty stiff to Annie about going to sleep and letting the boy take his own experiences, but a man's a boy's father, and I might as well tell you I heard the clock on the town hall every hour till I caught the sound of somebody sneaking into the barn. I pulled on a pair of shoes and some clothes and slid down and out through the back way. It was still pretty cold weather, with a lot of stars peppered in the black sky lighting up the places where the snow patches were left, and I could see the boy squeezing through the barn door.

"Mike," says I.

"Yes," says he.

"Where've you been?" I says.

"Won't tell," says he, picking up a broken ax-handle. "I ain't going back on my friends, and you ain't going to wallop me, either."

I seen the shine of his eyes, and something says to me: "Look out, Jim; take it easy." So I says: "We're your friends and this is your home, ain't it?"

He gives a sniff and started for the house. It weren't till he got to the back door that he drops his ax-handle and bursts out crying, sitting down on the step and shaking and putting his face in his sleeve. "There ain't anybody here cares nothing about me," he says, choking. "You're all against me."

That was the first time. Twice after that he was gone all night. Annie was near crazy, and I ain't a-going to say it didn't rasp on me some. We didn't find out where he went because you couldn't have got it out of him with a derrick. "Never mind," says I, "it's making a man of him! He ain't soft any more. And my way's the way, all right."

"You're making a man of him, Jim," says the Woman, "but what kind?" says she, and I wish I'd listened to her. After all, kids is more of a puzzle than the closed-shop question.

The end came during the week of the equinox storm. I remember well how the black clouds had bent down over the valley with their edges creeping and crawling toward the sunset, while I walked home from the factory up the hill. When I got to the door little Mike, who'd been on an errand to the grocery for his mother, came up behind me. There was something kind of gloomy about the day, as if Nature wanted to step on a feller and grind him into the mud; a man feels at them times like hearing somebody say "Hulloa!" So for the first time in a month or two I says like I'd uster say: "Toots, how's the boy to-night?" and upon my word I ached to hear the lad say: "All right, dad."

Instead of that he speaks up prompt and strong, like I'd taught him: "You can't play that on me." Something about it just at that time—when a man wants a little of the soft side of life and has expected to have his wife meet him at the door and she hasn't—made me sore clean through. I didn't know whether it was myself or the kid, but I was mad at somebody, and I give the boy a swipe on the ear.

I was sorry in a minute. I thought it would be like the little shaver to cry, but he didn't, and that was bad somehow, but it was worse to see his face.

"That just shows," says he, putting his little cap on straight, "there ain't nobody loves me here." There weren't a break in the youngster's voice. It was as strong as a stone house, and somehow it scared me to see how much of a man I'd made of the boy in almost no time.

By the time supper was ready it had come on to rain and blow, and when you looked out the window the lights in the town seemed all twisted out of shape and the branches of the trees were curled like ostrich feathers in the wind. As a general thing it makes me feel happy and contented just to see the grub smoking on the table and Annie sitting down in her chair with a smile for me, for there's a heap of pleasure in everyday things like that. But between the weather and the boy I felt mean and cussed like somebody who's stepped on a hoe and had the handle come up and crack 'em on the ear.

The boy never spoke a word except once, when he asks what week his sister was coming home, but he sits in his chair and eats his dinner businesslike—the way the newspapers tell about the feller who's going to the electric chair next day; and after it was over he hangs around looking out the windows for a little while and goes up to bed early. I seen Annie wanted to go up with him like she uster do, and I knew she felt like me that the belt was sort of running off the shafting.

I guess it was about ten o'clock when the wind chewed a blind off the house and set others slamming, and I sat up in bed breathing hard and feeling queer for the wild night outside. After a minute I got up and looked out the window.

The sheets of rain looked like a kind of parade that tramped down the grass and trees, and the orchard just beyond the stone wall didn't seem one-third natural, and as I was looking I thought I seen a shadow blacker than the rest fighting its way toward the road. "Go on!" says I to myself, "the boy wouldn't light out on a night like this?" and then I wondered why I thought it was him. But when I went around to shut the blinds and looked into his room, the bed hadn't been opened, and the lad was gone.

It give me a fierce wallop; it was the emptiest looking room you ever saw.

Well, I made up my mind I wouldn't say nothing to the wife till morning, and you'd laugh to see how I tried to go to sleep. I might as well have been a fishworm on a stove. Sometimes I'd sort of drop off, and then the storm would yell into my ear and set me staring into the dark till my eyes ached, and it was a nightmare all right to think of the little shaver all by himself in that weather.

It was almost four in the morning when I seen Annie standing over me pulling at the sheets. "Listen, Jim," says she. Sure enough, there was a thumping at the door and a man's voice shouting over the wind, "Let me in! Help! Open up!"

"Something's wrong at the factory," says I, putting my two feet on the floor and reaching for my clothes; but when I started down the stairs the wife was holding a kerosene lamp, and she handed me my revolver. "You'd best have it, Jim," she says. "How'd we know who it is?"

And little we guessed. For when the slap of the rain struck me and I'd wiped it off my face there stood old Joe Crane wet and white in the lips and done for breath, and he had my boy in his arms with a welt across his forehead, and his yellow hair with dark streaks, and one of Joe's hands had blood on it.

"Bring him in," says Annie, holding up the lamp. "Is he dead?" she says. Old Joe's lips were moving, but he didn't say anything, and he laid the boy down on the sofa in the parlor. I went down on my knees beside the lad, and then I knew for the first time his heart was going, and I stood up and says, "What done it?" and old Joe kind of give way into a chair and says, "God help me, I done it!"

Well, just remember it was my boy—the only one I had—will you? And I didn't know but what he was dying, he laid so still and pale in the light of the lamp. There was killing in my hands—they itched to do harm; I've never been taken that way before. And I reached for my gun lying on the table. Annie seen what I was going to do. 'Twas her who kept me clean of it, and it was pretty to see her knock the gun on to the floor and kick it away and blow out the lamp. She was by me in a second with her arms around me and sort of halt whispering, "Easy, Jim; easy, Jim," in my ear, until I says, "Light the lamp, I'll not lay my hands on him," and things seemed clearer again.

As soon as she struck a match I seen old Joe Crane hadn't moved, for he was still sitting with his face in his hands and his crooked fingers run up through his hair, and the boy was still lying on the sofa with his arms hanging loose. But when there come the flare of the lamp the lad gives a sigh and sat up staring around, and I jumps over to him and tries to put my arms around him. With that he squirms out and kind of weak and shaky, and falls up against old Joe. "It's all right, Mr. Crane," says he. "Don't you care," and the old man looks up and says, "Praise God, he ain't dead!" and opens his arms and puts 'em around the boy.

It seemed to me I'd never loved that youngster so much as when I seen he'd rather go to old Joe than stay by me. And Annie seen it, too, and the tears was in her eyes as she stood on the other side of the table. So I sat and looked at 'em till there was no standing it, and I goes up and takes the boy and says: "Here, give the lad to me—he's mine, ain't he? I'm his dad, ain't I?"

And I took him to Annie, and she grabs him up, kissing him and talking and saying things and taking him upstairs to do for him what a mother's hands are handy to do.

"Jim," says old Crane, "you know how it was."

"The same old thing?" says I, and he says, "Yes,

the same old thing," and then I seen he'd begun to look at the floor again like a man caught stealing from a widow woman.

We sat there listening to the wild night outside and Annie's steps overhead, and when it was quiet for a moment you'd hear the ticking of the clock and maybe the lamp sputtering, and by and by old Joe says: "The little lad woke me up to let him in. He come to



He burst out crying, putting his face in his sleeve

me before like that, and I ain't said anything, for he was lonesome like and I was lonesome, too. God only knows how lonesome I was!"

"Then it was you he went to see when he run away?" I says. "And you never told it!"

"He was safe with me," he says, "and he was the only one who wanted to come to me, and who else is there to care for me?" he says. "I used to whittle things for him out of wood, and he'd sit on my knee," he says, "and we was happy together," he says. "I knew it wasn't just right, and to-night I told him to go back to his home, and he wouldn't go, and he tried to lock me out of the room so's I couldn't put him out and send him home. And then the devil came over me hot and blind, and I struck him!" says he.

"With what?" says I, trying to keep cool.

"I don't know," he says, kind of soft; "I didn't see it."

And upon my word I was kind of sorry for the old



The old man looked down at the floor, and for a long time he never moved

man even after his laying his hands on my little Mike, and when he looks up it was fierce to see the way he stared at me—like a collie dog that wants something—and he says: "Let me go up to see the boy."

"Go ahead," says I, "and I'll go with you. He may need the doctor." And with that we went up the stairs and into the lad's room.

Annie was beside his bed and hushing us to keep quiet. "He's asleep," she whispers. "The boy's all right, Jim." But old Joe pulls the crook out of his shoulders and straightens up his neck and looks at us, first me and then the wife. Great guns! he spoke to us like the boss of a battleship. "Come down stairs with me," he says, "and I'll tell you something it will do you good to hear." With that he puts his hand soft on the lad's hair, and we followed him down to the front room.

The storm had let up for the daylight, and it was getting to be lighter and sort of gray outside, and I could see the factory from the window, and the river swelled with the rain and puffed up like a snake when it's mad, and you could see rings under Annie's eyes by the lamplight inside.

"Sit down," says old Joe, running his hand over his forehead and kind of shivering from his wet clothes. "I want to tell you why the boy came to me," he says. "Did you ever feel thirst?" says he, "or hanker for food. 'Twas that way with the little feller; he come to me because he needed something he didn't get at home."

"And what was that?" says Annie, proud and cool and angry; but the old man didn't seem to hear her. "I was like that," he says kind of thoughtful. "I took after my mother. She was kind of warm-hearted and sensitive and tuned high. They said she uster play on the piano great, but she died before I could recollect. It was different with my father. He was well off when I can remember, but, of course, he must be dead by now. The world had used him tough, and I guess he thought it used everybody the same way. Maybe he was a good-hearted man, but he was stern and cold with us children—it was his plan of bringing us up, I guess."

I seen by Annie's look that she understood it was about the same game I'd tried.

"It was a good plan," old Joe went on—"that is, it worked all right with my brother. He's a rich man now and owns no end of property. He took to that kind of training, and he's successful all right; only he don't care nothing for birds and trees and people, and he don't never laugh, and I'm his own brother, but I guess he's glad he don't never hear from me. Because I'm different. I'm like my mother was, and my father nearly starved my soul to death, and for all I know he starved her's too, even though he was a good man and meant well. He tried to make me over and improve on God, and one day when I was some older than this lad he stretched me out too far and something snapped in here." With that the old man put his hand on the back of his neck.

"And then what?" says Annie, leaning forward, excited like as if she was at a theatre.

"I struck him with a pair of tongs, and I've never seen him since," said old Joe. "It put the evil onto me. I've never had a friend I didn't lose that way, and once there was a woman—but you'll not hear it all. Look how I loved this lad of yours. See what I done! And what do I amount to now? I'm getting old too. And I daresn't have a friend!"

The old man stopped then and looked down at the floor, and for a long time he never moved, except running his fingers through that bristly beard of his. It was still lighter outside—a kind of gray light coming in through the windows and making the lamplight look queer. That's the time a day a man feels cold all through wherever he is and is empty of food, and nothing much seems real. But Annie and I weren't saying nothing, and something made me feel as cheap and mean as wet hay, so's I didn't want to look at her.

In a minute the old man pipes up again kind of hoarse and choky. "Be careful, Jim," he says, "be careful of the boy."

Then he gets up sort of feeble and wilted and takes his hat off the floor. "You're a square feller, Jim, but you don't understand the kid. Take him as he is—he's a fine little lad. He's like me and my mother, warm-hearted and sensitive and tuned high. Don't you do anything, Jim, to make him like my brother! Don't you do anything to make him like me! He's wanting something he don't get at home."

"What's that?" says I, as Annie had said before me. The old cuss squints his eyes and looks at me. "Jim," he says, "you've got courage enough, ain't you? And you've got experience enough and had to fight hard sometimes. And you're a man, ain't you, past thirty-five and can raise a beard. But look here! When you come up over the hill from work what do you want to happen when you go to that door? You want somebody—and she ain't far away this minute—to put her arms around your neck."

"He's got you, Jim," says Annie, and she laughs and reddens all up in the face as if she was about sixteen.

Of course a feller has to grin. The old boy had me where I live. "Huh!" says I, "that's the whole circus."

"Then what in thunder are you trying to starve the boy of them kind of things for? Who are you to be making him over?" he says, in a funny kind of whisper that sounded forty times as large as it was. "Jim Hands," says he, "you're doing a crime to the boy. Love him, man. Feed him on it."

At the door I took hold of his hand, It had been quite a night for a woman—especially with the boy hurt and so on—and Annie was trying to keep in harness and hold in the tears, and the old man was looking at the floor.

"Joe," says I, "I've been a fool. But look here," says I, "I ain't any three-ply fool! I guess the boy will get what he needs now—in chunks!" I says.

That's how I come to say it was lucky the old man near killed the lad. It cleared the air, you bet. And though it took some time to sew up the places that I'd torn open with my fool ideas, it came out all right. And that's why I asked you, did you notice old Joe Crane. When you go downstairs stop and look at him again.

He ain't far the respectable side of a Grand Jury, but it won't do you no harm to see him—he's about the whitest man this side of nothing at all.

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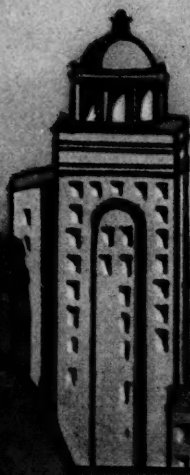
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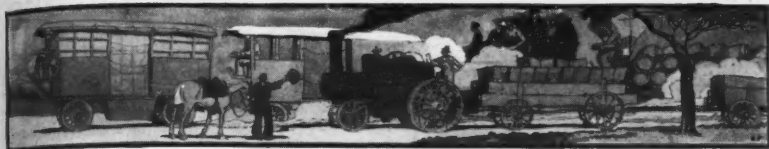
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THE POWER WAGON

By JAMES E. HOMANS

Fourth Paper: Electric and Gasoline Wagons

NOTHING would give a greater impulse to the commercial automobile, nor better ensure its continued popularity, than the formation of a "motor trust." For this purpose we need none of those "criminal combines" that are now suffering such incessant and truculent "persecution"—on paper. In large cities there is a great field of usefulness and profit for concerns undertaking the stabling and care of power wagons on a large scale, and the supplying of competent drivers. Such an enterprise would afford the very kind of assistance most needed in this day when the motor wagon is not perfectly understood. It would also reduce expenses, since the profits in caring for machines in large numbers are proportionally greater.

The rapidly increasing use of the electric vehicle in the last few years may be traced very largely to the policy of one or two prominent American vehicle builders of maintaining their own garages and guaranteeing the care and upkeep of all wagons purchased from them. This enterprise supplied the very element that was most essential, preventing the damage wrought by the unskilled electrician, and rendering the electric vehicle a commercial possibility. What has been successfully accomplished in the case of the electric automobile would be equally effective with other powers. Could the leading manufacturers of power wagons be persuaded to combine for the purpose mentioned, their business would doubtless be vastly increased within a very few years. The idea is thoroughly American, and will undoubtedly be adopted in time.

As to the future of the electric vehicle, there seems to be a well-defined difference of opinion among authorities. The leading argument against it is, of course, the rapid deterioration of the common types of battery. This fact, necessitating constant renewals at periods ranging between five and ten months, renders the electric vehicle constantly more expensive than one of similar carrying capacity propelled by a hydro-carbon engine. Furthermore, the upkeep of an electric vehicle, and the charging of common types of battery demand the utmost care and skill. The storage battery is a delicate instrument at best, and ignorant or careless handling will speedily result in its destruction. According to one prominent authority, Hiram P. Maxim, the sole hope of the electric automobile, particularly for the small user, lies in the invention of a cheaper storage battery or one possessing greater flexibility. Several inventors have claimed the discovery of methods for producing lead storage cells by simply stamping the grids from sheet lead, and coating them with the required chemical substances. Such a process should bring the cost from the present high figure to a minimum. On the other hand, certain users of the Edison storage battery claim for it the highest commercial efficiency, complete reliability, and the greatest flexibility both in charging and discharging. One manufacturer of electric vehicles, Lansden, states that the deterioration is extremely gradual, and that while one battery may generally be relied on to last for ten thousand miles of travel, many of them have doubled this distance and some have been in use for two years and over. If Edison's expectations are realized, and his cell is perfected, the electric vehicle may yet enter the field of long-distance traffic; particularly if some enterprising corporation adopts the plan of establishing charging stations along much-traveled highways. This will greatly simplify the power wagon problem by eliminating the imperative demand for the skilled and high-priced drivers necessary for steam and gasoline wagons.

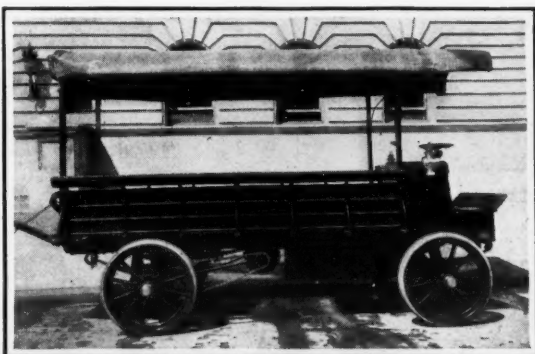
Regarding the operative efficiency of electric wagons, the following figures are significant:

A concern using twelve electric wagons gives, for a total monthly mileage of 9,930, or an average daily mileage of 31.8 for a month of twenty-six working days, at a cost of \$.0317 per wagon-mile for electricity, a monthly charge of \$142.45 per wagon, including operator's wages, repairs, and depreciation. As against this amount, a monthly charge of \$101 per horse wagon was formerly figured, but, on account of the greater service capacity of the electric vehicles, the net costs per wagon-mile were \$.216 for horses and \$.178 for automobiles, representing a net saving of \$.038 per wagon-mile.

Another concern using twenty electric wagons gives, for a total monthly mileage of 12,606, or an average daily mileage of 23.7 for a month of twenty-seven working days, at a cost of \$.0358 per wagon-mile, or \$.847 per day, a monthly charge of \$52.11, exclusive of wages, interest, storage, or repairs. These twenty electric wagons do the work of thirty-seven single horse wagons. Therefore, figuring \$40 as the bare operating cost per horse wagon, the total operating cost is \$1,042.20 per month for the electric, as against \$1,480 per month for the horses. Adding to these sums drivers' wages at \$50 per month, we have \$2,042.20 for the electric and \$3,330 for the horses. Other items would further enforce the superior economy of the electric.

In Germany, and to some extent in other European countries, there has been a strong movement toward what has been called the "trackless trolley," an electric motor wagon taking current from an overhead wire. This has been widely recommended as the ideal means for carting farm produce and for other sorts of local and suburban transportation. Several wagons of this description have been built on order for street railway companies in the United States. They are propelled by two motors, one wound for eighty volts, taking current from the usual storage battery, the other wound for five hundred volts, and taking current by trolley connection to an overhead wire. The wagon may be propelled, therefore, by either source, and, within its travel radius, can operate as well off as on the trolley line. Such a scheme has many features of mechanical and commercial excellence, but would scarcely pay, unless undertaken on a large scale. On a high-speed, long-distance suburban trolley line, the trolley wagons would rather complicate matters; if operated apart from rail cars, the vast expenditure of current would demand a corresponding volume of business. At best the economy effected by the trolley wagon, as compared with the battery wagon, would be only about three cents per mile, representing an average total cost of \$.19, as against \$.22.

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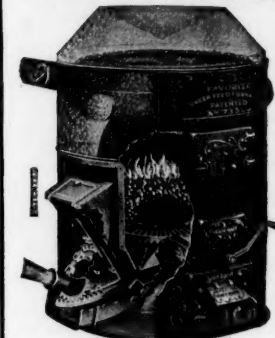
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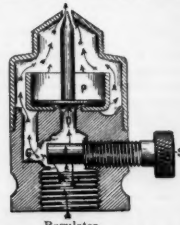
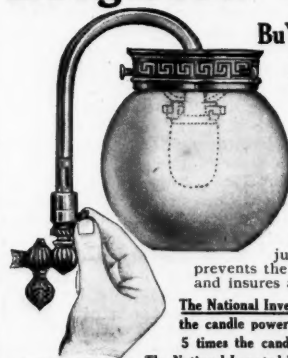
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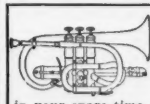
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THE POWER WAGON

(Continued from page 21)

At the present time the gasoline wagon is the one most largely used for light and medium-weight service. According to prevailing opinion the gasoline engine is destined to occupy the same important position in commercial work as in the pleasure vehicle field.

Undoubtedly the use of the "gasoline" wagon will be greatly extended when it ceases to be the "gasoline" wagon—in other words, when some fuel, less dangerous, more readily obtainable, and less liable to price fluctuations than is gasoline, finds general adoption.

With the removal of the tax, denatured alcohol will prove a most acceptable substitute. The cost of its production will fall to a very low figure within a few years, reducing the cost of automobiling to the minimum. Other substitutes for gasoline have been recommended, notably producer gas, generated in a suction producer, in which air is drawn through a mass of smoldering charcoal, coal powder, or coke.

The so-called denatured alcohol is produced by mingling certain poisonous substances, such as wood alcohol and some benzine, or other hydrocarbon, with pure ethyl alcohol, so as to prevent its use as a beverage, without impairing its fuel qualities. Exploded in a hydrocarbon engine, it develops between seventy-five



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and eighty-seven per cent of the power effect of gasoline, according to the percentage of the mixture and the compression of the engine. Other things equal, a larger volume of alcohol vapor is required in a fuel charge; the ratio to gasoline being, on the average, three to two. In a given proportion of air and vapor, alcohol explodes more slowly than gasoline, thus producing a lower speed, but, it maintains the pressure much better, and for this reason is more effective in hill-climbing. The question of quality is even more essential with alcohol than with gasoline, since the presence of water vapor is liable to occasion acid reactions harmful to the engine metal. A good average recipe for denatured alcohol, as given by several authorities, is a mixture of ten volumes of methyl spirit and half a volume of heavy benzine to each hundred volumes of ethyl alcohol. Both the alcohols must be ninety per cent rectified.

Regarding the engine suitable for gasoline power wagons, there seems to be a well-defined tendency toward the double-opposed horizontal type. This design of engine has the advantage of superior compactness and practically perfect balance with two cylinders. The four-cylinder vertical engine is used on few if any of the lighter wagons, its principal disadvantage consisting in the amount of space it occupies above the floor. The single cylinder engine is extremely undesirable for any but the very lightest kinds of service, because of its inferior balance involving periodical reboring of the cylinder.

The horizontal-opposed cylinder engine may be disposed beneath the floor of the wagon, where it is readily accessible. For the higher-powered wagons horizontal engines may be constructed with four or six cylinders, as has the heavier models of Kansas City wagon, more highly efficient type of power plant. One requirement, undoubtedly enforce in time, the floor of the wagon should be the use of flaps or apron doors, thus necessity of crawling under his wagon pull up the trapdoor in the floor. The tell us that this concession to the comfort driver is unnecessary. "Our engines do not



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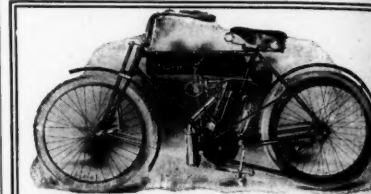
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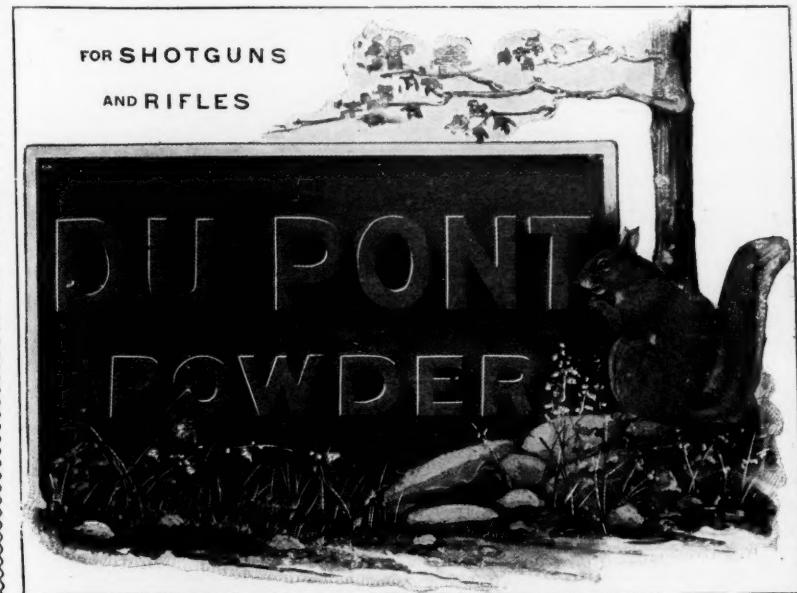
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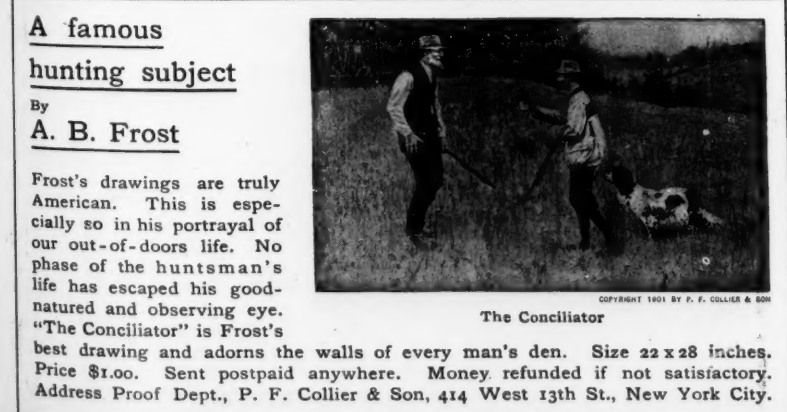
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